THE FREEMAN

A NATIONAL COLORED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

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HOW TO ACH[illegible] DOM.

THE REMEDY FOR SOUT[illegible]N OUTRAGES.

Lawyer T. McCant's Stewart Says That the Negro Must Organize and Force the Conservative Whites to Stand up for Law and Order.

The outrages which are being perpetrated in the South by the whites upon the blacks are in every respect savage and inhuman and in some respects they are fiendish. They make my blood boil and my heart sick. Is there to be no end? Is there no remedy? Yes, there will be an end and there is a remedy. But it is not by all colored men being partisan Republicans in politics. There have been more cowardly and heinous Southern outrages since the inauguration of Harrison than under the entire four years of Cleveland's administration. Harrison does not denounce them. He does not stop them; but I am not criti. cising him. He, like his predecessors like Cleveland, for example, is powerless to interfere except under a call from a governor of a State. I advanced that view in the heat and fire of the late political battle; and I call attention to it now. The Detroit Plaindealer particularly should note it, because when Cleveland was President it denounced him for not speaking out and moving against the lawless whites.

Well, what is the remedy? It is contained in Byron's familiar line, "Who would be free themselves must strike the blow;" and it is illustrated in this oceurrence which I clip from that spicy and newsy paper the Plain Speaker of Orangeburg, S. C.:

Within a fortnight in our own State, in the neighborhood of Roweville, Orangeburg county, on the Cow Castle road, three intoxicated young white men, representing the respecability of that section, met a young colored lady accompanied by her two brothers and another male friend. They (the white men) began as soon as they reached the colored party, to use toward them the most abusive and abscene language that they could think of, whereupon the elder brother of the lady said: "If you descend from your buggy and repeat such language you shall have to take it back." They drove forward a short distance, descended, took fence rails and with rails and drawn knives advanced on the party, attacking particularly the person that had replied to their vituperation with a challenge. The colored boys had taken rails too and when the assault was made one of the whites was stricken down and his unharmed companions bore him to the buggy and departed. Thus ends the first act.

The second act is played in Roweswille. The wounded man's brother who does business there was informed of what the Negro who had inflicted injury had done. This colored man was a porter for one of the merchants of that place. The white brother, "breathing out threatening and slaughter," goes with a drawn revolver to that merchant's lot and raises his weapon to the face of the Negro, and as quickly as thought, the Negro who had been apprised of his coming and the manner of his approach, drew his revolver and snapped it in his assailant's face three times but without effect. The astonished and almost paralyzed assailant said: "That will do for this time," and retired. Thus ends the second act.

The next plan was to go the Negro's house that night and lynch him, but the story leaked out and armed Negroes went to the rescue. Thus was their devilish purpose thwarted.

There's the remedy. Look at it, and behold for yourself. The Negro must organize. He must stand up like a man. He must be peaceable, but if he is forced to fight, he must do so with the same pluck, energy and spirit which he displayed at Fort Fisher and Battery Wagner; and if he must die, as recently in Leflore county, Miss., let him make his death so costly to the whites in blood and fire as to force the conservative and moral white elements of the South to stand up for peace, and to insist upon equal and exact justice to all men alike. When Yeddell was acquitted of murder at Edgefield in South Calolina, friends of the dead man threatened to assassinate him. Even the prosecuting attorney of the county threatened to shoot him on sight. To prevent it, an armed body of whites headed by the son of Senator M. C. Butler, escorted Yeldell to Columbia, S. C. This spirit should possess the entire South. Stop these outrages upon defenceless colored people, and there will be peace. Continue them and there will be war. Gov. Gordon has set a worthy example. Editor Grady of the Atlanta Constitution follows, and there are other white men of influence who know that these lawless occurrences injure the South, outrage mankind, make a mockery of of courage, and even trample upon the religion of Christ. Let them have the courage af their convictions, and join hands with the law-abiding colored men for the protection of the fame and the honor of the Soulh. Until such as the conservative whites shall speak out and act boldly, let the Negro strike back with all his might, when forced to defend himself.

Now, sir, I have only one word more. Time and education—what a friend of mine calls "evolution"—will solve the Southern problem. We need patience as well as courage. We need the Blair Bill. We need a division of the races in politics. There are more than 100,000 colored voters in the North and West. If there were 40,000 in the Democratic party who had the courage of their convictions so that they could be counted in clubs, in public meetings, on street parades etc., and who would be free men acting from conviction and not hirelings at two or three dollars a head, the could force the Southern contingent of the Democratic party to stop their unjust persecution of our brethren in the Southland. As the case stands now the Negro is religiously Republican in politics. The Northern Democrats, are indifferent to him; and the Republicans, being sure of his vote, deny him a fair share of the spoils of victory, treat his claims with contempt, and seat senators and congressmen, when Republican supremacy is assured, while proclaiming at every election that there is not a free ballot and a fair count in the South.

Then there is another remedy. If the Negro knew how to toe the mark like the Irish, how to repel the gold of the whites who do not hesitate to attempt his corruption for political purposes; if a county, a State, a National Negro League were among the things practicable, I would be heartily in such a movement, and we would force political parties to count us; and Southern outrages would cease; but alas! alas!!

T. McCANTS STEWART in the New York Age.

REV. M. E. BRYANT, OFSELMA, ALA.

INDIANA A. M. E. CONFERENCE.

Appointments Announced—Favorable Impression Created by the Ministers.

MARION, Ind., Sept. 23.—The fifth day's session of the Indiana Annual Conference convened, this morning, under very favorable circumstances. The gracious receptions tendered to the colored divines, yesterday by the white congregations. The following appropriations were made to the widows of deceased ministers: Mrs. K. Johnson, of Indianapolis, $5; Mrs. Emily Bridges, of Indianapolis, $20; Mrs. H. B. Smith, of Greencastle, $20; Mrs. M. Patterson, of Batavia, Ill., $20. Rev. James Furgeson, of Rockville and Rev. A. J. Furgeson, of Indianapolis, superannuated preachers, were each voted $24. Elders R. H. Felton, A. Mason, James Simpson, N. Jones and A. J. Brown were appointed a committee on assessments for the presiding elders' salary.

The committee on memoirs reported the deaths of Mrs. Bishop Payne, of Xenia, O.; Mrs. Bishop Turner, of Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Leda Roberts, wife of Rev. Dr. D. P. Roberts; of Richmond, and Mrs. Samantha McDaniel, wife of Rev. Robert McDaniel, of Jeffersonville, and paid to each of their memories tributes of respect and affection.

Rev. H. H. Thompson, presiding older of the Evansville district, in his annual report, stated that he had seventeen appointments; that he had traveled 3,534 miles during the year in visiting his churches; that he had preached 304 sermons; that there are 1, 716 members in the district, an increase of 253 over the previous year; 201 probationers, an increase of 112; 23 local preachers; 10 exhorters; 170 converts, an increase of 87; 17 Sunday schools, 1,069 pupils, 17 superintendents and 101 teachers and officers; 17 missionary societies, with 1,069 members; that $419.72 dollar money was collected; $44.50 contingent money; pastor's salary, $6,084.40; presiding elder's salary, $771.10; ministers traveling expense, $344.80; bishop's traveling expense, $87.26; presiding elder's traveling expense, $160.45; for the Bible cause, $2; for missionary purposes, $134.39; for education, $79.84; for charity, 193.23; for incidental expenses, $2,196.41; collected by Sabbath schools, $382.10; collected on children's day, $58.75; paid on church debts, $4,613.91; total amount of money collected in the district, $15,471.86, an increase of $4,297.47; that societies have been organized in Lyle and Pittsburg and that the work is progressing and promising.

This afternoon the conference resolved itself into the Conference Literary Society, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, D. P. Roberts; Secretary, S. M. Smothers; Corresponding Secretary, T. E. Wilson; Treasurer, M. Lewis. After attending to some routine business and preparing a programme for next year they adjourned.

Rev. J. A. Davis preached an animated gospel sermon to-night to a large congregation. Bishop Brown, after an affecting charge, announced the following appointments:

Indianapolis District, Jason Bundy, Presiding Elder.—Allen Chapel, Indianapolis, James A. Davis; Bethel Church, Indianapolis, John H. Clay; New Albany, T. E. Wilson; Evansville, D. P. Roberts; Bloomington, L. Ratcliff; Vincennes, Morris Lewis; Mount Vernon to be supplied; Washington, R. H. Felton; Jeffersonville, R. McDaniel; Princeton, C. W. Chavis; Seymour, A. Mason; Corydon, Johnson Mitchem; Lyle Mission, G. H. White; South Mission, Indianapolis, E. Stewart; Spencer, H. H. Wilson; Madison, L. Pettiford; Marion, I. Burton; J. E. Hart, General Missionary for the Indianapolis district; H. H. Thompson, Conference Treasurer; D. P. Roberts, Conference Secretary.

Evansville District, H. H. Thompson, Presiding Elder—Terre Haute, Alex Smith; Richmond, R. M. Lewis; Crawfordsville, Martin Coleman; Brazil, John Jordan; Lafayette, J. W. W. Harper; Greencastle; L. A. Murry; Logansport, James Simpson; Kokomo, B. J. Coleman; Portland, S. O. Stokes; Muncie, John W. Stanton; Mitchell and Bedford, John Ferguson; Noblesville, Wm. Townsend; St. Paul, Indianapolis, C. W. Roberts; A. S. Brown, agent for the Jeffersonville church; Nathaniel James, General Missionary for the Evansville district.

NO COLOR CASTE

In California—A Splendid Field of Labor for the Negro—Politics and How He Uses It.

Written for The Freeman.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Sept. 7, '89.

Mr. Editor—Your paper has reached my desk a few times and I read it with a greater amount of satisfaction than any of our papers published in the interest of our race, and I resolved to write you a letter from this rapidly growing city.

At present we have no boom, but Los Angeles is far from being a dead city, and while there is no great demand for laborers from the East, yet there is enough business to offer grand opportunities to those here who will work. There are very few idle colored men, as their work is preferable, notwithstanding there are about 900 voters. At the last city election the Afro-Americans turned the balance of power, giving them two policemen, one Clerk in Assessor's office, and all the janitor work in the public buildings, etc., as their share of the spoils. Our people here are very accumulative, many of them purchasing homes. We are doing nearly every kind of mercantile business, dealing in furniture, livery, machine shops, tailoring, grocers, hotels, insurance agencies, rental agencies and the two grand professions—medicine and law. The G. U. O. O. F. flourish, besides there exists the Masonic Order, U. B. of F.'s, the K. of T. and the Knights of Pythias. Our population is about 2,500, and we may add that it is gradually increasing. We have been here nine months, and so far have not seen nor heard of such a thing as discrimination.

The Afro-Americans here are mainly from the Southern States, Texas taking the lead. I need not say that the race is more than usually industrious, there being a higher price for labor in the bargain. Dudes are a very scanty article out here. This is an excellent climate to make a dude a man, and a self-respecting one. In fact this is a most excellent climate for any race or variety of human beings. We have two or three churches in operation, Rev. Wethers, of Mississippi, being pastor for the A. M. E. Church, and Rev. C. H. Anderson, of Texas, the Baptist minister.

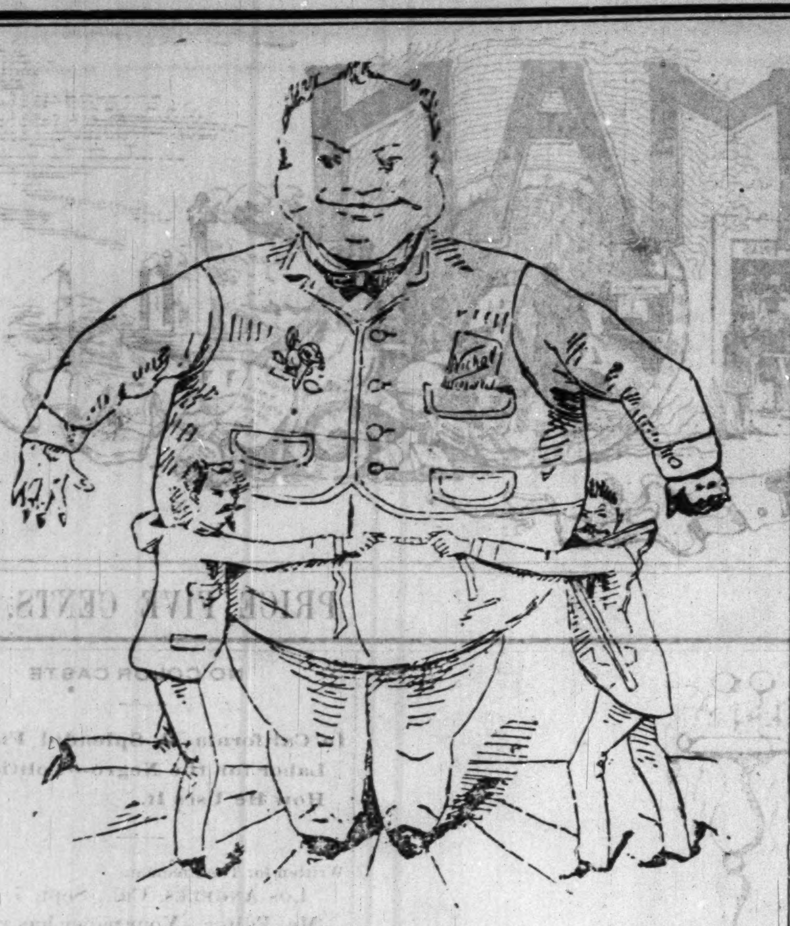
Let me add that there is no restriction, and many join the white churches. Our children attend the same schools, and opera going is quite a treat for those so inclined. Hotels, like everything else, takes us in for the money.

The population of Los Angeles is said to be at least 85,000, having in operation over thirty miles of cable car lines, and as many for street horse cars. Her business blocks compare favorably with those of any Eastern city of its size. Her people are thrifty, putting in daily circulation many hundreds of thousands of dollars, and to say the least, we never saw a more harmonious set of people anywhere. The chances are very good for poor people who will and can work. Colored mechanics especially stand excellent chances. Feeling that I have already encroached upon your valuable space, I remain, M. A. M.

Miss Hattie R. Commander is postmistress at Chesterfield Court House, S. C. She is spoken of by the Orangeburg Plain Speaker as a colored lady, of culture and refinement—a Christian Graduating from college, she has taught school ten years.

There are 3,000,000 Afro-American members of evangelical churches in the United States. Property in schools, churches, colleges, homes and other institutions is worth $2,000,000.

At Somerset, Ky., a few days ago, a colored man was tied to a stake, a pen of rails built around him, both saturated with coal oil and then set on fire. He was charged with rape.



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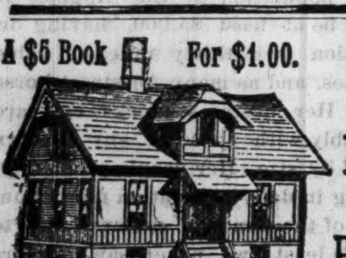

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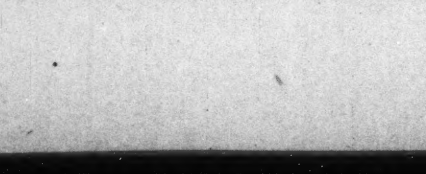

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SUPREME COURT WHIST CLUB.

The Senate Poker Team—Frye Without Bait—The Triangle, Kenna, Edmunds and Hampton—Garland Makes a Cartridge—Beck and Palmer.

Special Correspondence.

WASHINGTON.—Work consumes most of the statesman's time and he has consequently few recreations and no sports properly so called. He is too busy to play. To men who have had to attain and hold their places, life is a dreadfully earnest thing and the hard work which each day entails fills it full.

Neither President Harrison nor Secretary Blaine nor Secretary Windom, I believe, indulge habitually in any sport. The same is true of Senators Hiscock, Hawley, Chandler, Hoar, Sherman and Ingalls, with the exception that Senator Hawley plays billiards worse than he sings. Whenever Mr. Ingalls has an hour he can devote to amusements, and it is seldom, he possesses himself of one of the rare books of the world which he never found time to read and plunges into it.

Probably a majority of our lawmakers and law-interpreters play cards, but few of them are expert or devoted to any game.

The supreme court has a select whist club to which seven members belong and which meets "around," the house oftenest chosen being that of Mr. Justice Blatchford near Franklin square. The club knows all about Hoyle and Pole and the other high muckamucks of pasteboard and inclines to hold to "the rigors of the game," like Thackeray's heroine, but it possesses a backset in Mr. Justice Lamar, who being a brilliant raconteur and having had exceptionally interesting personal experience, is often drawn out in conversation by the rest couple in such a way as to carry consternation into the ranks of the enemy.

The senate poker quartette are understood to be hard men to tackle—Don Cameron, Hale, Butler and Farwell. They are said to enjoy themselves and to make about as much as they lose in the course of a winter.

SENATOR FRYE DOSING A LUMBERMAN.

The senator who kills the most fish and small game during a year is, I suppose, Frye of Maine. He has a cabin in the woods of the Rangely Hills of Aroostook, and he generally goes there every year as soon as he can get away from Washington and stays till the tocsin sounds again. While he is there Mrs. Frye is there roughing it and doing the cooking. In speaking of this outing once, the senator said to me: "When I get up there where it is cool, with plenty of hunting and plenty of finding, too, by the way, with everything of the freshest and the cooking done to a dot, it comes about as near heaven as I ever expect to see."

Senator Frye tells some good stories about officiating as doctor up there. Being distant from a settlement he carries drugs with him, and occasionally a lumberman will come twenty or thirty miles to get "fixed up."

Frye is distinguished for being the only man in the United States senate who never takes any bait when he goes fishing. I do not, of course, mean that he carries no bait for the fish, but only that he consumes none himself. To see him sit motionless by the hour, with no bottle to raise to his parched lips has often caused amazement and anxious solicitude to his companions, Senators Kenna, Edmunds and Wade Hampton. "Do you suppose he is still alive?" they inquire of each other as the hot sun declines.

JOHN E. KENNA, THE BOSS FISHERMAN OF THE SENATE.

By the way, these last three form a noted piscatorial triangle. At least once during every session of congress they creep off up to Point of Rocks to fish and shoot ducks. "No talking" is the rule which governs these occasions. Sometimes Frye goes along, and sometimes Senator Gorman of Maryland, who claims the privilages of a host.

I asked Gen. Hampton last winter about his fishing comrades.

"I suppose the best all-round fisherman in the senate is Mr. Kenna of West Virginia," he said. "There is no nonsense about him. He is not a dude. He goes in to catch fish. Dressed in rough jean trousers, a flannel shirt, a slouch hat and high boots, well greased, he rows his own boat and attends to his own bait. With his tall, robust figure and young handsome face, he looks the rustic Apollo. And Kenna is probably the best rifle shot in the senate. He is a great man after deer and bear, and for years has kept a pack of beagles with which he annually scours the flunks of the Alleghanies."

THE WAY SENATOR CAMDEN JERKS HIS FISH.

"Kenna fishes to get fish. His favorite allurement is the phantom minnow. Every time he goes out home he comes here and buys ten or a dozen for the boys." Last summer, I find, he bought several hundred, and I have often wondered whether they had any influence on effecting the wise decision to which the legislature at last arrived.

Senator Beck is fond of hunting and bags a good deal of game in the course of a year.

Senator Platt is fond of trout and salmon fishing and pursues the sport with eager enthusiasm. He has a cabin up in the Adirondacks where he and Mrs. Platt enjoy a good deal of every summer. Three years ago when he heard that Cleveland was going there he said: "Well, there! Now I'll pull up and go to Canada." Platt has also a passion for botany and studies the secrets of the flowers wherever he wanders.

Senator Blackburn is the crack shot of the western statesman, and he has a mild liking for hunting and likes to go fishing occasionally, but he has been grossly lied about and misrepresented by the newspaper man who set him up as a terror to the wild game of Kentucky. It is understood that the game does not regard him in that light.

Senator Gorman is known in the senate as the lone fisherman, being given to solitary hunts.

M. A. Tappan, our chief sporting tackle merchant, tells me: "Garland is an artistic sportsman. He knows just what he wants. I have to load all his cartridges for him according to model. Each must contain twelve buckshot No. 3 with one single B shot in the center of each layer to make it solid. He goes on a deer drive as often as he can get away.

Edmunds has a fine billiard table in the basement with the closet adjoining, for balls, cues, etc. He is thought to resemble St. Jerome.

Evarts has fun farming, owing 800 acres among the Green mountains and 300 on the Potomac just below Washington.

Gorman has a passion for base ball, and once played second on the Nationals here. Mills has the same frenzy.

Don Cameron and Sheridan scoured the battle-fields of Virginia on horseback, and Spooner enjoys the same recreation, generally accompanied by Mrs. Spooner and his second son.

Palmer is fond of fishing, story telling, singing, entertaining and rustic roughing it; and he is passionately fond of bonfires and generally manages to have one of Parnassus every night when he has his friends around him in his favorite log cabin.

Manderson's chief recreation is dining out. He likes folks better than he does anything else in the world, and he is tremendously social and genial. One meets him everywhere in "the season."

Beck likes everything that yields a new and agreeable sensation, and he generally manages to get it.

Sherman's chief game is backgammon, in which he is an expert. He also enjoys playing "Muggings" with his daughter, who, it is understood, is now nearly twenty games ahead.

Quay is a great off-shore fisherman and is therefore the pride and envy of the senate. He has caught not only strugeon and cod, but shark and swordfish—the captains of the sea.

The best base ball player in either house is Ben Butterworth of Ohio, who can pick the leathern sphere out of the air with great dexterity. He is often in the game at Le Droit park, where he lives. About twenty members of congress are always found on the stand when a league game is played here.

W. A. CROFFUT.

Siam's King.

Siam, a little sparsely populated country in the distant south, long refused allegiance to our great land, like a praying mantis pushing back an advancing chariot with his little claws. But now for 200 years she has been submissive to the behests of him who sits on the dragon Throne. In the eighth moon of this year a new ruler will be crowned as King and take to consort a Queen, with dazzling pomp.

A merchant of Ch'ao-chow Fu, Kuangtung, long a resident in Siam and loaded with favors by the King, was lately commissioned to proceed to Canton to buy rosewood cabinets, silk embroideries, etc., to the value of 10,000 taels. This Chinese merchant has presented the King with a couple of boards, containing each fourteen characters beautifully carved, praising the King as one of those virtuous princes whom the Son of Heaven views with special favor.—Hu Pao.

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Next year begins Sept. 23. Medical Department opens Oct. 7th. Tuition in Medical $25 per school year; in Law $10. Expenses from $8.50 to $10 per school month.

For further information address

Rev. J. Braden,
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NASHVILLE - TENN.

SUPPOSE.

PHOEBE CARY.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head;
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's,
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down;
Will it clear off any sooner,
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world doesn't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatsoever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

TOO LATE.

A Story of St. Valentine's Day.

CHAPTER V (CONTINUED).

"Next time" was not likely to come round now, for on the following morning his regiment received orders to embark for India on the 15th, and it was now the 12th—the 12th of February. A disturbance was imminent in the Northern Provinces, and a strong reenforcement was ordered out.

There was no time for adieux to friends—hardly time for the necessary preparations for his departure. Still, in all the bustle, hurry, and excitement, Lyon Leslie was cognizant of a weight at his heart, not caused—he knew that—by any thought of parting from relatives or friends; apart from this weight, he rejoiced at the prospect of active service; but he did wish, very earnestly wish, the night before his departure to embark, that he could catch but one glimpse of Nell Thanet's sweet noble face, could look but once into her grand true eyes, and be forgiven. There was no sophistry present in his heart at that crucial moment, a moment when all that was true in him was struggling for the victory. Not a thought did he cast on the Baron's story; it might be strange—even inexplicable; but then—in that hour, he bowed to the supremacy of love and love's supreme trust. It was, though, but as a dream in the night, and in the morning light it vanished, and he was himself again. His good angel had fled with the cold dawn—his one golden chance had gone.

The post brought him a host of farewell letters and valentines, for Lyon Leslie had many fair admirers. One registered parcel he opened carefully. It contained the gold locket and chain Nell Thanet had received on that happy Christmas morning. The chain was broken. He opened the locket, and in it lay a soft curl of golden-brown. On the top lay a slip of paper with these words, "Only a promise." With set mouth he pressed the spring of the inner case, and saw, what he had not expected, a smaller and darker lock, confined with golden thread.

With an imprecation, he thrust the trinket back into its case, and threw it into a box, into which he was putting some articles he had decided to leave behind him. The box was consigned to the care of a married sister in London.

In the afternoon he stopped at his club, on his way to his quarters, which he was to leave later to catch the mail-train for Portsmouth, at which place the troop-ship lay. There he gave some final orders respecting his letters, and then, calling for some refreshment, sad down and read the memoranda in his pocket-book. He was preoccupied, and so did not note the company present.

In a few minutes his attention was aroused by the sound of voices in dispute. He was seated at a table in a window, in a conspicuous position. The persons wrangling were standing up, near the upper fire-place. He thought he recognized one, if not more of the voices, rose from his seat, and stood up under a chandelier in full relief. There was a gathering commotion in the room.

"What is it, Barnes?" he asked of his friend, with whom he had lunched the previous day.

"Oh, it's that confounded ass, the Baron, as he calls himself! He has been airing his *gage d'armour* again, and some relative of the girl has called him over the coals. Thank goodness he's not my guest to-day!"

"Who is it?" asked Lyon eagerly.

"A Captain Kennett, I beleive. Jones knows him, and says he's not a man to be trifled with. If the Baron is game it'll end in a confounded row."

But the Baron was not game. From splutter and bluster he had descended to expostulation, and now his tone sounded abject.

Andrew stood over against him, flourishing excitedly a small box in one hand, and in the other a very suggestive cane.

"Eat your words, you scoundrel," he cried, "or I'll give you the soundest thrashing you've had yet! What is it your saying—that you didn't know I was here, or you'd not have touched on family matters? You confounded rascal!"—and down came the cane on the deprecatory Baron's shoulders.

Before it could be wrested from his hand, Andrew Kennett had been as good as his word, and for many a day the illustrious foreigner, as a correspondent in a sporting weekly termed the Baron, would carry a stinging reminder on his back of an English gentleman's abhorrence of a slanderous lie.

When the cane was rescued at last, the Baron had struggled free from Andrew's fierce grasp, and now stood, foaming with rage and livid with fear.

"There is my card," he cried, throwing it at the castigator's feet. "Gentlemen in my country fight with swords and pistols, not with brutal sticks. I challenge you at Boulogne."

"Gentlemen," cried Andrew, now cool and contemptuous, recovering his cane with a sudden movement—"gentlemen suit their weapons to their foes;" and, snapping the instrument of punishment in two, he flung the pieces in his craven adversary's face. "And, take my advice, my man. When you try the broken English dodge again, be more careful of your cockney."

Like vernim at bay, the Baron showed his teeth as he made a futile grasp at the small box containing the link of his unlucky boast, which Andrew was about to place in his pocket.

"You teef," he screamed. "Dat is mine!"

A well-directed blow from Andrew's nervous fist, and then the Baron sprawled on his back.

There was a lull, as of surprise and bewilderment. The club was not used to such episodes; it was evidently at fault what to do.

The Baron struggled to his feet unassisted; not a hand was stretched to help him. An intuitive feeling prevailed that the "illustrious foreigner" had somehow only met with his deserts. More than one member with whom he had lately been associated at Tattersallis and Newmarket was doubtful of him, and, but that he had hitherto met all his engagements honorably, would have given him a wide birth. Whether he were a Baron or not they did not care to inquire; foreign titles were easy of purchase; and, if he were not to the manner born, in either country or status, what did it matter to their purpose—reciprocity in the game of chance and *finesse*? He had come accredited by one or two well-known names in foreign sporting circles, had visited at the Duke of Nobble's and Lord Scratcher's; but then these eminent patrons of the turf were not nice to a fault in their social patronage. However, all in all, the man had been lacquered by society, and they had not been compromised by his acquaintance—hitherto.

As the Baron regained his feet, Andrew, pushing aside the members who would have interfered, strode up to his adversary, and, in a voice audible only to the ears for which it was intended, said—

"Another word, and I place the matter in the hands of the police; they'll soon find out how you came by this"—and he touched the pocket containing the cause of the disturbance—"and make you produce your baptismal certificate too."

"I will 'ave nothing more to say to you," cried the Baron, quickly striding towards the door. "I will send a friend in de morning;" and, with an alacrity that called forth a hearty laugh from the excited assemblage, he disappeared.

"Gentlemen," said Andrew, when quiet was restored, "I feel I owe you some explanation, and myself too. The lady's name in question is that of my cousin, and the Baron's statements a tissue of lies. I have been a member of this club for some years now, and I think it is pretty well known that I am incapable of making unfounded statements."

A murmur of expressed assent.

"If however the Baron can prove that he is who and what he represents himself to be, or even obtain the services of a gentleman, I shall be ready to give him the satisfaction of a gentleman."

With these few words, Andrew departed, with the undisguised sympathy and approval of every member of the club present.

As he passed out he came face to face with Lyon Leslie. They had had slight acquaintanceship with each other, and were connected by the ties of blood; but, as if by a mutual and aggressive monition they looked each other defiantly in the face, and passed without a sign of recognition. But, while the one felt that he could have torn a certain tiny link and the heart near which it lay from it's possessor's breast, and the other that he fain would have pieced together the avenging cane and laid it with a will on his relative's stalwart shoulders, both knew that their rage was futile, and that it's expression could only be compromising, not only to their own names, but to that of the girl they both loved so differently in degree. While Andrew Kennett felt as one might feel who had rescued a human life in peril, inately satisfied and grateful for the opportunity, Lyon Leslie experienced an irritating sensation of relative smallness to his cousin, and an exasperating conviction that at the bar of honor he would be awarded as little quarter as the Baron; and once more he assigned country quarters to a very far country indeed.

The Baron did send a fire-eating challenge by the hands of the Honorable Handycap Weltcher; but, Captain Kennett taking exception to that personage on the grounds that he did not fulfill the requirements he had stipulated for in the person of a second, namely those of a gentleman, he having been ejected from one well-known club and black-balled at two others for certain equivocal practices in the ring, nothing came of it; and the Baron, protesting that he had been unfairly treated because he was a foreigner and his opponent one big bully and coward, withdrew into privacy for the nonce.

And on Valentine's day, at its close, Nell Thanet received a surprise, mysterious and not altogether agreeable. The last post of the day, brought her a small registered parcel containing the missing link of the chain, which with its magnificent locket, was now ignominiously boxed up with sundry *debris* of possessions left behind by its double minded donor, Lyon Leslie.

It was vain to torture her mind; she could as little account for its appearance now as for its disappearance those few weeks back. The papers had apprised her of the imminent departure of her recreant lover, and she did not know, nor did she care to ask, in what manner a communication could reach him before the troopship should sail; so, not perhaps altogether loath, she kept the fragile token of a broken faith, stored it away in a place by itself, said nothing about it to Randall, and straightway pursued her task of trying to forget.

CHAPTER VI.

Seven years after the events detailed, No. 2, in Sun street, Mayfair, a perfect little *bijou* of a house, opened its doors to new tenants. The brass-plate on the door announced the joint names of Randall Thanet, M. D., and Doctor Helen Thanet.

It soon became known that the new doctor had associated with him, as coadjutor, when practicable, his sister, now that anomalous thing, a female physician. Rumor spoke highly of the young lady's talents; she had come out first in each examination she had gone through, and, though put to the question separate from the male students, it was said that she had shown far higher capabilities than any one man of her year, and had astonished, if not put to shame, the examiners themselves. She had qualified for a degree with the greatest apparent ease, and the separate papers she had submitted on technical subjects, particularized operations, and on abstract and practical diagnoses, were held to be worthy of advanced medical scientists, and models of elegance, clearness and terseness.

An eminent authority was credited with the observation that it was well that opinion was emancipating the weaker sex, as it had shown itself capable of producing a Helen Thanet.

It had been a brave spirit that had borne the burden of those seven crucial years; but their tale was written on the pale young face and in the great mournful eyes. Not that Nell looked old before her time—only grave and wise beyond her years. It was noticed too, that, though she often smiled she never laughed. To her, the years had passed rapidly, if uneventfully. Only the Christmas tides she and her brother had spent at their home in Thorpe; in summer vacations they had rambled together over unfrequented tracts abroad, through wilds in Norseland, mountain clefts in Switzerland, and pleasant by-ways in southern plains. Many a bright page of adventure and poetic description were the outcome of those desultory rambles, contributed by Randall's facile and graceful pen to the magazines of the day.

Both in summer and in winter Nell wore serge, the same always in color, but differing in quality. A narrow linen collar encircled her throat, round which a jacket bodice fastened closely; the skirt was always short and plain, save for some rows of braid. Her hair was kept in a close-crop, turning up slightly at the end in incipient curl. Her hands were always full, but never of needlework, or especially of feminine work of any kind; but she was seldom without either her work or her sketch-book, or a work on some interesting topic of the day. Graver studies she never approached in her holidays.

This summer their ramble had been short, and now—the latter end of August, just when the country was at its loveliest—they returned to murmurous dreary London, and entered on their new habitation.

Small as the house was, it was so arranged that the brother and sister had their separate consulting rooms, Nell's, at vacant hours, doing duty as dining room.

Before the year was out, they had each an increasing list of patients, and it became necessary to set up a carriage. In a short time one was found to be insufficient; and so a miniature brougham was added to the establishment for Nell's especial use.

But Nell's list increased more quickly than Randall's, and sometimes, which Nell never did, he lost a patient—once, when he had left by accident a sonnet instead of a prescription, when the patient, being an elderly spinster, and the sonnet, to Autumn leaves, was not to be mollified, and once for adducing the theory to a gouty stock-broker that abstract studies were more elevating to moral nature than practical occupations.

"The fellow's a fool!" roared irate City man to his wife, not altogether unjustifiably from a self-interest point of view. "Send him a cheque and dismiss him"—which was done.

It was nearing Christmas, which they were pledged to spend at Nettlethorpe Hall. Their holiday of necessity would be short—just three days. It would be their first visit to the old place since their memorable one of seven winters back. The girls were no longer in maidenhood—all had married. Janet had met her fate in an austere curate, now inducted into country living within range of the Hall; but Edward Wylen was not austere to Janet, and her life was full.

Andrew, who had been in Canada with his regiment, was expected on Christmas Eve. Nell was curious to see him again. He was now Sir Andrew Kennett, and though not much better off in the way of earthly possessions, had won some distinction in Africa, and was a major and a C. B. She did not know what had become of Lyon Leslie. He too had distinguished himself in India; but, when she had last looked for his name in the army list, it was no longer there, and there was no one she knew whom she could ask for particulars of his career. He was not dead, of that she was sure; but he was dead to her; her youth was buried with him.

When the servants had gone the family drew around the great Yule fire in the dining-room. They had much to ask each other, and much to tell.

"What became of Stubbs?" asked Randall of Squire Nettlethorpe, referring to the stud groom who had held rule in the stables when he was last at the Hall. "He left you, did he not, after that affair about Nettle?"

"Yes. I could bring nothing against him. The horse, as you know, was matchless, and won all before him at everything he was entered for, the same year he lost the Derby; but I felt, and still feel, Stubbs played me false."

"Poor Stubbs!" said Janet. "He is very ill, I believe. He has been trainer to the Duke ever since; and Edward"—naming her husband—"has been attending him He received the sacrament yesterday."

"Yes," added Mr. Wylden; "and he has begged me to ask 'Miss Nell,' as he still calls your fair cousin"—addressing that young lady—"to go and see him. He has some notion that you can cure him, I fancy—at least he said he had head that you were going to be made the Queen's physician."

They all laughed; and Nell said she would go the next morning after church.

"That man who called himself the Baron von Melkenburg," said Nell, after a short reverie, "won a large sum at that Derby, did he not?"

"Was Stubbs flush of cash afterwards?" asked Randall.

"I don't know—you never do know these things—it is a network of villainy. After that year, I withdrew from the turf and sold all my breeding stock. But I have Nettle still. I didn't much care; I never could have bred another Nettle."

Then the door was thrown open, and Andrew appeared. He was covered with snowflakes, and brought in with him a wintry atmosphere. After the hearty greetings had a little subsided, greetings in which he gained a kiss all round, he turned to look at Nell, who, unembarrassed, had given him as hearty a welcome as any.

"Why, Nell," he said, catching her hands and holding her back from him, "I expected to see you with velvet scull-cap and spectacles! I've had ague and a touch of fever; but I wouldn't see a doctor; I thought you'd like to practice on me, and here you are in silk and satin. Why, they told me you could cut off a limb as easily as you could sew on a button. You don't inspire me with confidence, I must say."

"I never operate on cheek," she retorted, snatching free her hand and tapping him pretty smartly on the feature specified.

"Have you a cure for love?" he asks in a whisper.

"I never meddle with chronic disease," she said.

"I don't believe you'd understand it," he returned; "there are some diseases one must have to understand."

"Then, physician, cure thyself," she laughed.

"Have you followed that advice?" he asked.

She winced, and turned from him, with a pained look in her eyes. He saw he had touched on tender ground, and repented.

For the rest of the night Nell was *distraite;* he had touched a jarring chord, and the fine instrument was out of tune. But he could scarcely keep his eyes off her. Andrew Kennett felt, with a kind of hopeless pain, that she was farther from him than ever. Like a star, she had risen above his horizon, and her fair shining was not for him. When he had last seen her she was dressed in a faint shade of gold—he remembered now it became her bright young beauty; to-night she wore dead-gold, with crimson roses in her breast, and no ornaments on her shapely head, from which the rich wavy tresses had disappeared, leaving only a thick short growth indicating slight curls at the ends. It was carelessly parted over the low massive brow, which it covered like a shadow. There was power in the whole contour of the head and face, in every line of the graceful body; but to Andrew Kennett she was simply his beautiful and well-loved cousin, the one woman in all the world who held his big heart in bondage, not the famous woman-doctor of examination triumphs and honorable awards, of acknowledged skill in difficulty surgery, and keen insight in intricate diagnosis; this was what she was to the world—only all the world to him.

Christmas morning dawned on a white world. All the night the snow had fallen heavily; but the wind was keen north, and a severe frost had set in. In stout snow-boots, Nell took the road after morning service to pay her promised visit to the sick groom.

"Why doesn't Randall go?" Andrew asked his sister Janet. "I suppose he's a better doctor."

"Then you suppose wrong. Why, Andrew, Nell's the most rising physician of the day, and poor Randall, as he says himself, is only an indifferent practitioner. He told me that, but for Nell, he'd have no practice at all. He tells her all his difficult cases and she advises him what to do. She has a large practice of her own.

"It's not true, though, is it, that she practises surgery?"

"No, unless in sudden cases, where other help is not forthcoming; and these are rare, of course. She passed in surgery, though, and came out of the examinations higher than any man of her year. It was well to know everything that could be taught, she said; but this special knowledge she keeps as reserve power. A more pitiful woman never lived; but I have been told that her nerve is like iron, and her hand as firm as it is skilful. I don't think there's such another woman in the wide world, Andrew; and to think that such a man as Lyon Leslie——" She stopped, as if betrayed into an indiscretion.

"Janet, do you think she'd ever forget him enough to take me?"

"To like—to love you, you mean?"

"I mean what I say, neither more nor less—to take me."

"Andrew, you really would never marry a woman who didn't love you—really love you?"

"I tell you what, Janet; I'd rather have Nell's half-heart than any other woman's whole. She'd learn to love me; she couldn't help it, for I should love her so."

"When a woman's heart is full of one man, it has no vacant corner for another. Nell Thanet will never marry."

"Well, I shall put her to the test; but not yet."

"Andrew, do you remember how angry you were when Lucy married John Drew? You said she did him a cruel injury because she did not love him."

"No; but because she loved some one else."

"And are not the cases parallel?"

"Not at all. If Nell marries me, she will give me perhaps not a very warm heart at first; but there will be nobody else there. She is true and pure as Heaven itself. Lucy married for money and she has got her reward."

"And a cool liking will content you! Oh, Andrew, how infinitely below women men are! No woman who loved as you love would be content with such a mockery—it would kill her. I am not speaking of women like Lucy—she is shallow by nature—but of women like Nell—and—and men like yourself."

Andrew made no reply.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Learning to be a Wet Nurse.

A well known actress picked up a baby in her travels, and compassion moving her to adopt the waif, she advertised for a wet nurse. She says:

"I believe every mother deserted her own child and came to apply. 'You'll kill that child if the wet nurse's milk is too old,' said one. 'If that woman's milk is too young, there won't be any nourishment in it, and your baby will fail,' said another. 'How can I tell?' I moaned. 'Why get a doctor to get a nurse.'

"I went and enlisted the services of a human lactometer, and the good work went on. The doctor visited the intelligence offices for wet nurses and related his experience. He questioned and examined several applicants, and finally came to a pretty German, sitting quietly by."

"How old is your milk?" asked he.

"'I haven't got any,' said the girl.

"'How old is your baby?' returned the doctor, thinking that Gretchen did not understand.

"'I haven't got any baby," the girl replied.

"'Good Lord! what are you here for?' cried the doctor. 'If you haven't got any baby, or got any milk, what are you doing here among the wet nurses?'

"'I thought I might learn,' said she meekly.

"So she has gone away to 'learn.'"

Altogether too Much So.

She had married a handsome man. She was warned against him. All her young lady friends told her he was a flirt and gave her full account of what he had said to them, and how they could have had him if they had wanted, but they would not think of confiding their happiness to such a flirt. She was perverse and they were wedded.

A few months elapsed and she came to visit one of her prophet friends one day. "Are you happy?" the friend asked. "No, I'm not." "Well, dear, I'm sure I warned you; but I do hope you won't get a divorce." "Well, I don't know. If this goes on——" "Now don't be foolish. Men are always a little inconsistent, you know, and the best husband will go off and leave his wife occasionally and not explain—" "Explain! Go off and leave his wife! I wish he would. He's so devoted that he won't go out of my sight long enough for me to burn my old love letters."

A Remarkable Dream.

A woman living in the eastern part of Detroit lost a fur collar last February, and though a thorough search was made for the missing article it was never found. Last week her husband dreamed that it was secreted under a stump in a lot near his barn. The next night the dream occurred again, but the husband did not mention it to his family. The third time the dream was repeated, and at last, actuated more by curiosity than by faith, the man visited the field and found the stump. Brushing away some leaves he discovered a hole, and, placing his hand in it, to his surprise it came in contact with a furry substance, which he proceeded to pull out. Then he went home. The skunk escaped.

A Very Mean Man.

Mr. S.—"Toddler is a mighty mean man, that's what Toddler is!"

Mrs. S.—"Why, what has he ever done to you?"

Mr. S.—"Bet me fifty dollars this afternoon that I couldn't hit a barn door with a revolver at five paces. Taunted me into betting him, got me to put up the money, measured off the five paces in the presence of a lot of witnesses, gave me a revolver loaded and then set the door up edgewise!"

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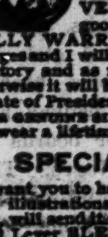
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IT is all right to talk about race newspapers and how to run them etc. but until the race itself is educated up to the point of supporting them, they will be mere struggling sheets, without brains and backbone, and not newspapers. Mark this.

THE colored men of the country for once are unaminous in their protest against the outrages in the south. At the national Baptist Association held in this city, in Boston, in Atlanta, and in fact nearly everywhere meetings are held and resolutions are passed condeming them. The most indifferent person is the President, who seems to have taken no cognance whatever of the matter. Do you suppose he would remain as mute were any other people than colored treated thus?

WE take but little stock in the so-called "race problem" for technically speaking there is none. It is the problem which has bothered mankind from the beginning—a problem between the rich and poor, in fact a test of the survial of the fittest. It is a problem with brains and money on one side against ignorance and poverty on the other.

The Negro has done well in the last twenty years but he has been headed in the wrong direction. Politics and religion are well enough perose but they will not solve the great American problem. Neither will the Negro, so long as he spends his money frivolously, remains the tools of politicans and is contented to serve rather than be served. Just as long as Negroes spend all their money with white merchants they will never have colored merchants to spend it with. Just as long as Negroes submit to buying goods from white clerks who refuse work with colored clerks, just so long will colored boys and girls be kept in hotels, livery stables, barber shops and kitchens. The pauper has no standing in banks or boards of trade, neither has the Negro. The Negro is too well known in politics and in church circles and not well enough known in the banks and business marts. Get education, get money, get into business of some kind and you will get standing and solve the "race problem."

NEGRO JOURNALISM.

The Hon. John R. Lynch, of Mississippi has been talking journalism lately—and like the parrott, his talk far exceeds his wisdom. Mr. Lynch is one of the "leaders" brought into public notice when "leaders were scarce and at a time when almost anybody with a modicum of common sense would answer. Since that time he has been hobnobbed around as a "great man" and we do not wonder that his head has been turned. Speaking of colored newspapers he says:

"Colored newspapers are not a success, the very fact that Washington does not contain a colored daily newspaper is the proof that there is something wanting in the make-up of colored editors. If instead of the one hundred and fifty or more miserably edited and ungramatical little sheets which are doing the race a deal more injury than good, would combine their capital for the establishment of a great Negro organ to be published here in Washington with a man of national reputation and chahacter at its head it would demand the respect of all people. There is an effort being made to establish a Republican organ in Mississippi and I have been assessed to as large an amount as I could spare at this time. It will be a white paper and I believe it will be made a success.

The remarks of the Bee, published at Washington, D. C., are so pertinent that we print them here:

If all the efforts of the "miserbly edited and ungramatical little sheets" in the interest of John R. Lynch and the colored people of Mississippi, are to be rewarded such then the Bee heads the list of Negro "little sheets" throughout the country, to let him and his white organ, to which he has so liberally contributed, go by. We venture the opinion that we can name several Negro journals existing to-day that have said and will say more for the race than he or his white organ can or will, and yet John R. Lynch has never contributed to any great extent to anyone of their support, and yet they are failures. They always will fail with such fellows as he is to the fore to help them. 'Tis rather queer that Mr. Lynch who has been fostered by Spur-luck Mississippi into prominence should now denounce the last efforts of the Race to build up a Negro paper by telling them of his liberality to build up a white one.

"Upon what meat does this our modern Cæsar feed that he has grown so great!"

Emancipation Day Celebrated by a Great Gathering from Many States at Springfield, Ill.

The colored people of Springfield, Sept. 23d, celebrated in commemoration of the issuing of President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emanicipation of the slaves with considerable pomp and ceremony. Delegations from Iowa, Indiana, Mississippi and from the principal cities of Illinois were present to the number of ten thousand. There was a street parade at noon, and in the afternoon there was a mass-meeting at Krous Park, which was addressed by Rev. B. Hillman, of Springfield, president of the day; Hon. John R. Lynch, first Audiior of the Treasury; Governor Fifer, Senator Cullom and Gen. Joen M. Palmer. In the evening a musical entertainment was held at the various halls, with addresses by Hon. J. S. Hinton, of Indianapolis; Rev. T. W. Henderson, of Chicago; Hon. E. W. Moore, of Dixon, and Hon. H. J. Mitchell, of Chicago.

T. Thomas Fortune, is without a doubt the most unscrupulous Negro politician we know of. Last year he went to Cincinnati and edited a Democratic paper, before then he was a mugwump. previous to this he was an independent, and prior to that he was a Republican. and now, that he has no hope of getting government pap, he is in sackcloth and ashes. on his supple knees fawning that thrift may fo llow.—Pioneer Press.

The Indianapolis Freeman has had some striking caricatures on the colored dude in its recent issues. Some people would think them exaggerated; but if they will visit the pool ro oms and note the appearance of some of the frequenters, the majority of whom have just returned from the seashore, the illusion will be dispelled and the close observer greatly amused.—Phila. Sentinel.

"Selections" of the writings of Rev. Rev. N. A. Banks, of Paul Quinn College, Waco, Texas, is a neat and interesting publication. It contains an excellent portrait and sketch of the author and sells for the nominal price of 25 cents, Send 25 cents to The Freeman and secure a copy.

Sanctify every Negro home with a good race poper; a peper that will inspire our young men and women to aim high and strive to make a mark in the world. The race must solve its own problem if it is solved at all.—Torchlight Appeal.

"There is a serpent of disloyalty nestling in our midst, it prevades the very air we breathe," is the remarkable statement made by a Canadian orator.

This is like unto the colored arator who visited us lately. After rising to speak he gazed intently in different parts of the church for a few moments and then remarked "De devil am in dis church, I knows it. Some of you sinners is harberin him in your garments."

The Freeman, of Indianapolis, an illustrated weekly, is one of the newsiest and spiciest papers that comes to this office. It is unrivalled in its line.—Afro-American Spokesman.

While Hon. Frederick Douglass is preparing to leave for Hayti, he is advertised to speak at not less than fifty different emancipations celebrations.

The Kansas City Dispatch advises the Negro to go to Oklahoma, while the American citizens seductively suggests Kansas.

"The motes of ignorance must be destroyed," is the title of a lecture in phamphlet form by Rev. W. H. Mixon of Selma, Ala.

Send in your subscriptions to The Freeman, and don't fail to renew when you have received a notice of its expiration.

Rev. J. I. Coppin, editor of the A. M. E. Church Review, is in the far West in the interest of his publication.

We learn that Dr. Simmons will soon publish "Women of Mark" as a compliment to "Men of Mark."

The Weekly Crusader, of New Orleans, will soon become a daily.

The People's Advocate, of Washington, D. C., has changed hands.

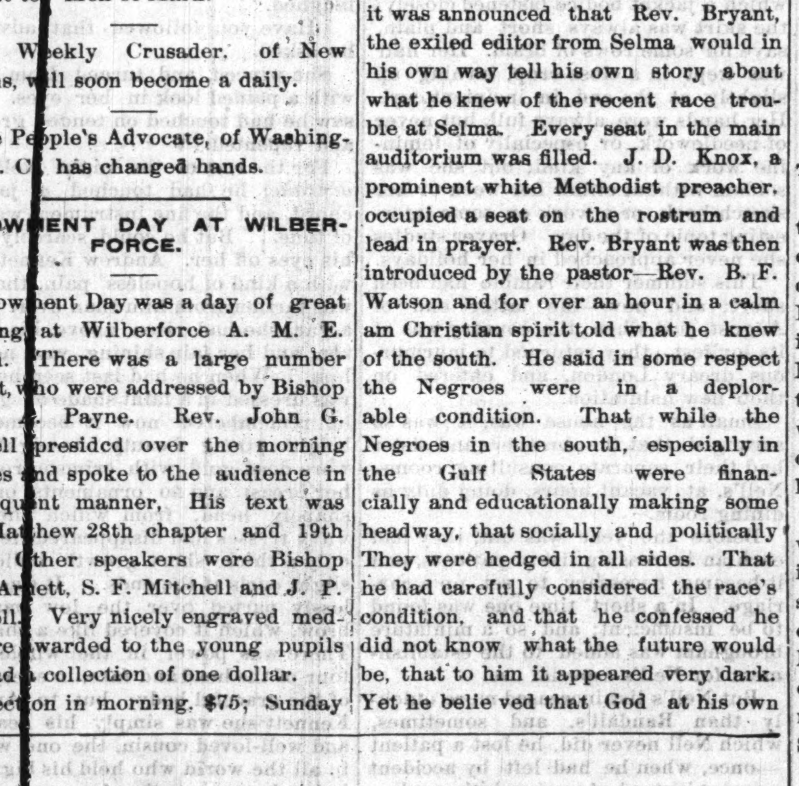
ENDOWMENT DAY AT WILBERFORCE.

Endowment Day was a day of great rejoicing at Wilberforce A. M. E. church. There was a large number present, who were addressed by Bishop Daniel A. Payne. Rev. John G. Mitchell presided over the morning services and spoke to the audience in an eloquent manner, His text was from Matthew 28th chapter and 19th verse. Other speakers were Bishop B. W. Arnett, S. F. Mitchell and J. P. Maxwell. Very nicely engraved medals were awarded to the young pupils who had a collection of one dollar.

Collection in morning, $75; Sunday school, $50 and evening service $2.50, total $128.50. Rev. W. J. Johnson conducted the evening services. Text, "If I perish, I perish," Esther 4th chapter and 16th verse.

THE NEGRO STILL IN SLAVERY.

If you call this freedom, what a rough, rough road these free days.



Hello, Bill, don't you know me?
Bill—Naw, not since yer got dem second hand clothes on.

REV. M. E. BRYANT.

In Kansas---He Preaches a Good Sermon and Tells of His Exile.

"Booz" in the American Citizen.

Rev. Bryant, editor of the Southern Christian Recorder, and banished exile from Selma, Ala., about whom the papers have had so much to say, preached at the St. John A. M. E. Church last Sunday evening, taking as a text Psalm 23-3. Theme "Christ the Resterer." He introduced his subject under three heads—"Thomas as a wreck; his redemption; and restoration." He discussed each point to some length, using some very striking illustrations, and at times becoming especially eloquent and sublime. In refering to the Negro he said: "He was there when the plan of salvation was laid, for he bore the cross of Christ up the rugged brow of Mount Cavalry." He expresses the belief that through the influences of the gospel, all conditions of mankind, however wrecked, and ruined can and will be redeemed and brought back to its pristine state, pure, holy and upright. It was an able effort, and we believe will serve as bread cast upon the waters.

REV. BRYANT TELLS HIS OWN STORY.

Rev. M. E. Bryant also addressed a large and enthusiastic audience at the St. John A. M. E. Church on last Monday evening. From the pulpit of the named church on Sunday evening, it was announced that Rev. Bryant, the exiled editor from Selma would in his own way tell his own story about what he knew of the recent race trouble at Selma. Every seat in the main auditorium was filled. J. D. Knox, a prominent white Methodist preacher, occupied a seat on the rostrum and lead in prayer. Rev. Bryant was then introduced by the pastor—Rev. B. F. Watson and for over an hour in a calm am Christian spirit told what he knew of the south. He said in some respect the Negroes were in a deplorable condition. That while the Negroes in the south, especially in the Gulf States were financially and educationally making some headway, that socially and politically They were hedged in all sides. That he had carefully considered the race's condition, and that he confessed he did not know what the future would be, that to him it appeared very dark. Yet he belie ved that God at his own time and in his own way, would bring light out of darkness and peace out of confusion, and one would yet have in this country one grand kingdom with Christ as king, where race, color and station would be unknown. In speaking of the race conflicts in the South—especially in Alabama, he spoke in the highest terms of many noble exceptions among the whites, who desired to treat the Negro fairly and to give him an equal chance in the race of life, while their are others who from their words and acts, have determined to suppress and forever keep him down at all hazards. He says the number of colored and white persons killed in these conflicts will never be known in this life. He says the editorial that appeared in the Selma Independent several weeks ago was not written by him, that he did not read the proof, that he does not own nor edit the paper, but simply published it in his office as a matter of business. That he is editor and business manager of the Southern Christian Recorder, a separate and distinct paper from the Independent. Rev. Bryant is deeply interested in his work in Selma and expects to return regardless of consequences. The prayers of thousands of men and women in the West will be offered in his behalf. While we dread to see him go, we rejoice to know that we have one who is willing to die in the interest of the race.

OUT IN COLORADO.

What an Afro-American Saw on a Trip to Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs---Color Caste Everywhere---Negro Help Not Wanted by Nincompoops, Don't Yer Know.

Topeka, Kas., Special to The Freeman.

It was my intention to have sent this letter to The Freeman from Colorado Springs, but owing to the sudden illness of a friend of mine from Iowa I was unable to do so. I arrived in Denver on Saturday, August 10th. Here I found one of the finest inland towns in the United States. Yes, Denver is simply a marvel and every Coloradian is very proud of it, as they have every reason to be.

In Kansas we have towns and cities which are jealous of each other. Such is not the case in Colorado, for it seems to be the common consent of every other town in Colorado that Denver must be the leading commercial center, and hence the best and most populous city in the centennial State.

The concession of this fact alone insures the future of Colorado's capital and will make it the greatest city west of the Mississippi. It would be useless for one to attempt in a short article to tell of the beauty and thrift of this great metropolis. Suffice it to say it is indeed the "pride and gem" of the plains, and that every American should feel proud of it.

THE COLORED PEOPLE.

Denver has a colored population aggregating 4,000 souls. It is mostly of an industrious and sober tendency. It would not be wrong to apply the term "hustlers" to this population. Many of them are in fair circumstances, some are rich, and not a few can call fifty to a hundred thousand dollars from behind the Bank counter at the simple writing of their names upon a piece of blank paper. But little attention is paid to strangers by what are known as the "money getters" among our people in Denver. Although by the courtesy of friends whom I knew before going there, I spent a very pleasant week. No discourtesy is intended, however, by our people in the Queen City, for when one becomes acquainted with them their hospitality has no bounds. There are two Negro journals published in Denver, viz.: The Sun, a Democratic paper, edited by M. Braxton, who I found to be a very pleasant gentleman. He is assisted by Mr. Redmond. Both gentlemen treated me with great kindness. The other paper is edited by Mr. M. W. Lewis. Well, everybody knows "Will." He is a "hustler" from Iowa. I knew him when he was a small boy struggling for an education. Will is not in Denver for his health, therefore, he has served notice on the patrons of The Afro-American that if they expect ty see its smiling face that the shekels must accompany every order for the paper. I am under obligations to Mr. Curtis for his many courtesies.

But before leaving Denver I must not omit to say that the colored people have two splendid churches there: The Zion Baptist and the A. M. E. The Congregationalists have also organized a church at which services are regularly held. I can not forget that it was through the kindness and courtesy of Miss J. A. Shipton that I was enabled to meet some of the bess people in Denver, by whom I was most handsomely treated.

Leaving Denver at 1:30 p. m., Aug. 19th, I found myself in Colorado Springs two hours later. Here I found a beautiful city, mostly English, who have come away from the "fatherland" and succeeded in establishing a fine city at the foot of the mountains. It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that "color" prejudice runs higher in Colorado Springs than in Denver. The strange thing about it is that the former city has a larger English than an American population. Here "white" people are preferred as servants and in most cases colored help is accepted only when there has been a futile effort to obtain "white help." This discrimination is more noticeable among the English than the Americans.

At Manitou no sick Negro need apply. If a colored man in New York or any other part of the country, or even from the Dominion of Canada, were to go to Manitou for the purpose of taking advantage of the medicine of Nature, found in the baths at that place; when such a man should apply to the manager for bath privileges for his sick wife, daughter, or himself, he would be politely informed that "your people don't bathe here." Upon being asked what he means by "your people?" the manager will reply: "we don't bathe Negroes at Manitou." Yes, but says the colored gentleman, "here is your circular, by which I am, in common with other people, invited thither to try the healing qualities of these baths. I have come all the way from New York and am amply provided with the means to pay for all I get. I am an American citizen, and I demand that you cease this discrimination and recognize my family as you do other people, to the end that we may enter the bath house and partake of its healing benefits. Sir, had it not been for your circulars and flaming advertisements by which the general public are beseeched to come to Manitou and be cured, I would not have been here with my family." "It is only a question of time," said a bystander, "when your people (Negroes) will have the benefits of the baths the same as white folks." With this assurance and consolation the brother and sister in black walked away. The black woman, who had a rheumatic arm, asked us as she turned away: "Why did not the flood visit this town instead of poor Johnstown, Pa.? I think it would have been a just retribution. And while I wept from the bottom of my heart for the sad calamity at Johnstown, I would have no tears to shed for Manitou. I would laugh when the calamity came."

I left Manitou and Colorado Springs at 2:30 a. m., Aug. 23, for Pueblo, which was formerly an old Mexican village. Here I found the city wide awake, and grand spacious business houses and dwellings going up all over the town. The colored people are very kindly treated in Pueblo, the whites being deeply interested in their welfare and offer them every encouragement. I am pleased to say that our people in this city are forging to the front and many of them are becoming quite wealthy. Among the leading citizens here in Pueblo are Hons. John W. Mumford, S. S. Scott, C. Hill and Hon. John M. Mitchell. These are the ones I met and I am pleased to say that all of them treated your correspondent with great courtesy. Mr. Mumford is worth $80,000. He is now building a two story brick house of seven rooms for rent.

JOHN L. WALLER.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

There are 1,362,000 colored Baptists in the United States.

The Metropolitan Church, Washington, D. C., has adopted the vesper service for Sunday evenings.

The Planter's Hotel, New Orleans, one of the oldest and best colored hotels in the South, has been sold.

At Fayetteville, N. C., a colored girl charged with stealing a five cent breast pin, was sent to the penitentiary for two years.

We will defend the race at whatever cost! The race must be elevated,—the press, school room and pulpit must do the work.—Ex.

Altogether, seventeen colored babies in Atlanta, Ga., have been named after President Harrison. His cold water pump has probably not reached that section yet.

Messrs. Thompson, Rozzell & Co., havo opened a large general merchandise house in Columbus, Ky., and are doing a thriving business. They are the only colored firm of the kind in that city.

Col. W. A. Pledger, has issued a call for a convention of colored men to be held in Atlanta on the 12th of November next ensuing. It might be well for the leading men of tbe race to get together and advise among themselves.

Mrs. Anna Evans, of Memphis, whose husband is a prominent Republican politician of color, sued Patrolman Conway for $5,000 damages for having called her "Aunty"—the term being considered a reminder of slavery days. The case was decided against her, of course.

Mr. John Maxwell of Chicago Illinois enjoys the distinction of being the only colored undertaker in the State. He runs quite a large establishment in Chicago, and his business is not confined to persons of his own color by any means. He is a very pleasant gentleman and is much liked by everybody.

Mr. Wm. E. Matthews arrived in Washington last week from his six weeks trip to Europe, in fine condition and very much pleased with his trip. He spent his time principally in London and Paris, not forgetting to pay flying visits to several fashionable watering places.

Robert H. Terrell, who graduated from Harvard College a year or so ago, has been appointed chief of the Navy pay division of the fourth Auditor's office. He is the son of Harrison Terrell, the faithful servant of Gen. Grant, who was with him during his last moments, and who is now a messenger in the War Department.

The colored people of Texas now own about 1,000,000 acres of land, and pay taxes on $20,000,000 worth of property. They have 2,000 churches, 2,000 Sunday Schools, 2,000 benevolent associations, ten high schools, 2,500 common schools, 3,000 teachers, 125,000 children attending school, 23 doctors, 25 lawyers, 100 merchants, 5,000 mechanics, 15 newspapers and hundreds of farmers.

The Negroes are the natural laborers of the South. Their ancestors were brought there against their will. The present representatives of the race were born there and have as much right there as anybody. Time, patience and just treatment will do more to solve the race problem at the South than any political measure whatever. An exodus is not possible. —New York World.

Rosemond Cormier died the death of a horo in Lafayette, La. He said two months ago when whipped that he "would die before he would be whipped again by the Regulators." He died, but not before his trusty rifle tore off the head of one of his midnight visitors. Cormier lost his life, but not before Judice, one of his midnight visitors had his head torn off. Verily it was "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," in both instances.

THE HISTORIC CITY.

Of Kansas—Lawrence, Where the Afro-American Holds His Own With Ease—Educational Advantages—Some Representative Men.

Lawrence, Kan., special to The Freeman.

This city is situated on the Kansas River, about forty miles west of Kansas City, and now has a population of 13,000. Founded in 1854 it became at once the stronghold of the free soil party. It has been the scene of many historical events and political movements and is now very appropriately known as the "Historic city."

The educational advantages to be had in this city are excellent, the public school system ranking as the best in the State, while the business college and academy of English and classic offer special inducements to those seeking special training or prepairing for college.

The State University is also located here, it being the only institution west of the Mississippi River, whose degrees are honored by Harvard or

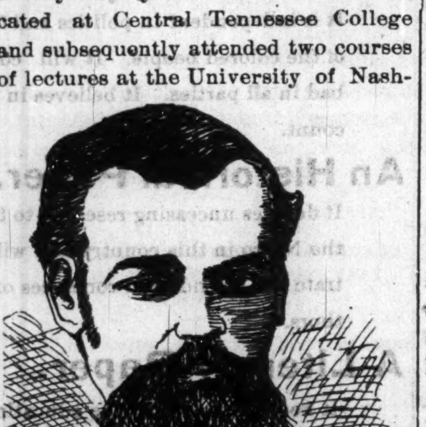
REV. S. D. BROWN,

Yale. It will be surprising to know that there are never more than three or four colored students in the collegiate department and that there has been but three colored graduates. There is no occasion for this, as tuition is absolutely free, board is cheap and the faculty well disposed to the race.

At this point it will not be out of place to mention James H. Canfield. Prof. of American history and civics, who is prominently mentioned as Chancellor of the University. No one could be found who would be more satisfactory to the colored people of the State as Mr. Canfield has always proven himself a true friend and hold defender of the colored race.

Thus it will be seen that Lawrence has every facility for the improvement of her people, but financially and politically the colored citizens have not made progress commensurate with their advantages nor recieved the recognition their ability merit. Yet we we have a number of citizens who would be a credit to any community than whom none are held higher in the esteem of their townsmen than J. H. Young, M. D.

Dr. Young was born in Nashville in 1850, where he remained until he was twenty-three years old. He was educated at Central Tennessee College and subsequently attended two courses of lectures at the University of Nash-



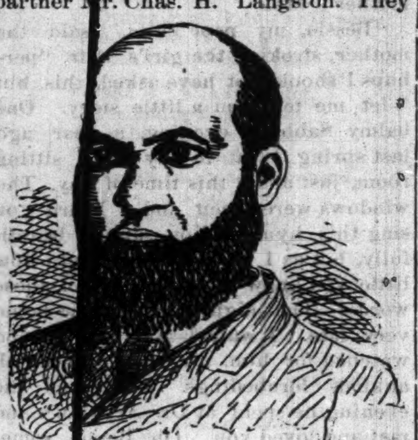
DR. J. H. YOUNG.

ville, completing the coure with credit. In 1873 he moved to Baxter Springs, Kansas, and thence to this city. He is a member of the State Medical Association, having passed the best examination in Obstetrics ever stood by an applicant. The doctor has a good practice, extending as it does among the best white and colored people of the city.

Among our merchants, one of the most prominent and enterprising is Mr. R. C. Burns, of the firm of Burns & Co., grocers. Mr Burns was born in Kentucky, in 1854. His parents moved to Missouri two year later when he was brought up and educated

R. C. B[illegible]S.

He is a man of varied experience, having taught school a year in Pleasant Hill, traveled for a plow company one year and followed the hardware business in Pleasant Hill for five years, he then went into the grocery business which he followed five years, and moved to Lawrence in April 1888, taking as his partner Mr. Chas. H. Langston. They

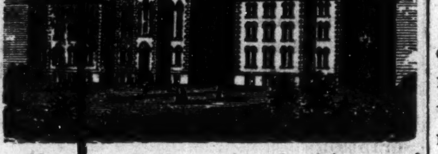


GREEN KEITH.

now own one of the most prosperous stores in the city with a rapidly increasing trade.

Perhaps the most responsible position help in this city by a colored man is that held by Mr, Samuel H. Johnson, who is engineer of the Lawrence water works. His native native home is Ft. Smith, Ark., but he was brought to Lawrence in 1865 and educated. In 1887 he was employed by the Water Co., as fireman, which position he held until June of this year when he was made engineer at a salary of about $1,000 per annum, succeeding a white mechanic of over ten years experience. Born of poor parents and was left an orphant at the age of seventeen. Mr. Johnson affords a striking example of the ability of personal worth to overcome obstacles fn the way nf success.

There are many other business men who deserve special mention. Among them are H. Fuel, proprietor of a boot and shoe store; A. Dimery, carriage maker; A. J. Gottard, grocer and school teacher; Fred Gleed, cattle trader; James Gross, H. Barker and A. Gregg, owners of the best barber shop in the city; John Davis and H. Henson Blacksmiths; Samuel King, feed and sale stable and Alexander, Gregg, shoe maker,

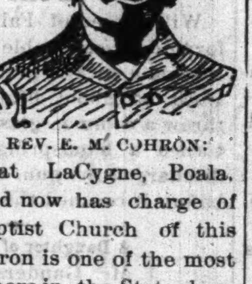


Nearly all the colored citizens of Lawrence own property and some are well to do. The wealthier citizens are Ishmare Keith, F. Gleed, D. J. Harvey and C. H. Langston, whose possessions range from $15,000 down to $5,000.

The only political officers are Green Keith, Councilmen; P. Jones, patrolman and Geo. W. Gross, mail carriers; and yet the colored voters hold the balance of the power. This lack of recognition comes no doubt from the lack of harmony and organization among the voters. In the spring election there were six colored and only two white candidates for the nomination of constable, and of course a white man was selected, while had the colored voters united on one man, success would have crowned their efforts.

Our most noted ministers are Revs S. J. Brown and E. M. Cohron. Rev. Brown was born in Cooper county, Mo., in 1859. He entered the ministry at nineteen and has since had charges at Cedar City, Joplin, Springfield and Pleasant Hill, and he is a present pastor of the A. M. E. Church, whose membership is about 250. He is now conducting a great camp meeting at Bismarck Grove, with many divines of national note participating. Among Bishop F. M. D. Ward, D. D., of Washington; Bishop Grant, of Texas; Rev. Dr. A. Whitman, the poet preacher; Rev. B. F. Watson, D. D. and many others.

Rev. Cohron is perhaps the most gifted pulpit orator of the city. A native of Alabama, and his education was very limited. He was ordained in 1878, and moved to Kansas the same year, since that time he has



REV. E. M. COHRON.

been stationed at LaCygne, Poala, Pleasant Hill, and now has charge of the Second Baptist Church of this city. Elder Cohron is one of the most influential preachers in the State, having held office in many of the Kansas and Missouri associations and built Icharches at Paola, Pleasant Hill and Lacygne.

Of the social condition of the people of Lawrence and surrounding country will write at some future time.

ARTHUR S. GRAY.

POLITICAL CHIPS.

It will be Sullinan, Swift and victory and don't you forget it.

Our cartoons are pertinent indeed this week. There is food for reflection in them.

The vest pocket vote will be in great demand at this election, and pasters—Oh my, but how they will be used!

Will the Negro never learn that he is making a fool of himself by continuing to act and vote as "dum driven cattle?"

The Negro has been fed on husks and promises for twenty years, but he now realizes his strength and proposes to use it.

Don't tie yourself to another man's coat tails and let him do your own thinking for you, unless you want to be his tool.

One more week and the agony will be over and Gen. Coburn and his Taffy will return to that obscurity which they both so beautifully adorn.

The World, our local cotemporary, has at last seen the error of its former ways and now speaks out like a full fledged newspaper. Good for it.

Sweetland should carry the Third ward by a rousing majority and if he doesn't the white Republicans and not the black ones will be to blame.

We are waiting to see what kind of bait will be thrown out to the Negro in this election. The Harrison crowd has done little or nothing up to date.

The colored voter, like the intelligent white voter has learned to use the secret ballot. Get your ticket ready at home and vote to suit yourself.

The Independent is 'agin' Sweetland because forsooth he is "incompetent." What about Darnell and a number of other candidates of this school? We fear Sol has donned colored glasses.

Have you noticed the indifference of the colored voter lately? It is common now to hear colored mdn talk of voting for Sullivan and Swift and denouncing the cold, aristocratic Coburn gang.

Mr. John Coburn who now aspires to be the next mayor of Indianapolis, refused to subscribe for the World a ew years ago because it dared to speak out for the race. Wonder if he takes it now?

If perseverance, industry, pluck and honesty counts for anything Bud Swift will be the next city clerk. From a newsboy and bootblack he has risen to the most trusty place in the county Treasurer's office.

When a reputable white man is nominated for office no question is raised as to whether he is a graduate or not, but when a Negro is named he must run the guantlet, be a graduate and possess all the cardinal virtues.

The Afro-American is the name of a colored Democratic newspaper in Ohio and the way it is tearing the cover from Republican hypocrisy is amusing indeed. It begins with the central idea that the 30,000 colored voters of Ohio have not received one bit of recognition.

If General Coburn has ever done anything for the colored people we should like to know it. It is true he has done a greal deal of talk, but when he does anything the "cold dollar" must be in sight. Judge Sullivan on the other hand, while a poor man, has been a liberal giver to every colored enterprise, churches, lodges, etc., these things small though they be, indicate the real sentiment of the man.

While Taffe's friends are soliciting votes on the strength of his being a cripple, it must be remembered that Al Taffe was setting by the fire and drawing a fat salary from the city, which position he has held for the last 24 years. While Bud Swift was standing on the street corners in the cold selling newspapers to support himself and widowed mother and has educated himself out of his own hard earnings—Taffe has been a pensioner on the city pay roll for years.

Mr. O. R. Olsen, the candidate for council from the Twentieth Ward is a man of sterling worth, and very deserving withal. The Freeman scribe had occasion to call at Mr. Olsen's Bolt and Machine Works. He was quite astonished to find so large a business under Mr. Olsen's own supervision. Mr. Olsen seems to be doing a very large amount of work, and giving employment to a large number of mechanics. Mr. Olsen is a self made man, commencing with nothing a few years ago and now shipping his goods all over the country.

REV. M. E. BRYANT, M. A.,

Of Selma, Ala—An Exile—The Proprietor of the Largest Printing House in Selma

This gentleman has both a local and national reputation. His record as a church builder and manager has never been questioned. His loyalty to the party of his choice need not be surpassed.

Editor Bryant is educated, and an educator. He helped to make the colored people of Alabama what they are. He is a strong advocate for the right whether among Negroes or whites. He has no compromise to make with vice, ignorance or "liberty thieves."

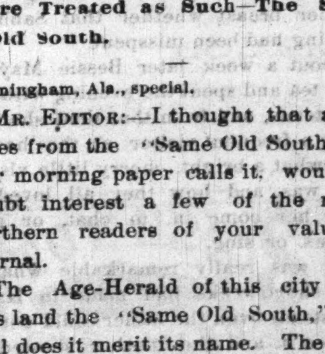
Wherever Rev. M. E. Bryant works his associates will find him a high toned, educated, Christian gentleman. His having to leave this city (Selma) in the way he did to save his life, left his affairs in such a shape that no one can manage them save himself. His wife cannot as yet manage his money matters. But as to the office work, she is now business manager, (indeed she is a business woman,) and all orders for job work are kindly solicited. All work will receive prompt attention, and shall be done neatly.

Rev. M. E. Bryant has done, and is now doing, a large business. In his Publishing House he does $1,000 bussiness annually. He receives more mail, and ships more packages than and house in Selma. He keeps from twelve to fourteen hands regularly employed. Of course you can see his business is quite a help to Selma, and yet Mr. Bryant will some day, we know not when, return to this city, and move his Publishing House and family, or remain here among his many friends. It has cost hundreds of dollars to save his life. Selma friends have helped and are still helping. His family is here without the help of the husband and father who cannot come back now to arrange his money matters.

As his Presiding Elder and one who knows the situation thoroughly, I appeal to every true Negro in his behalf for aid. Let those who value his work in the race and church send donations, much or little, to Mrs. A. A. Bryant, Selma, Alabama. It will be helping a true man's family while he is like David Paul and Chrtst, escaping for his life. Help friends; God will provide more for you. It will be received with the greatest thanks, and the half of the good you will do can never be told.

Let every man, woman and child respond liberally.

Very Sincerely Yours,
W. H. MIXON,
P. E. Selma District, A. M. E. Church.



T. McCANT STEWART.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

Alabama in the Lead—Why Negroes are Treated as Such—The Same Old South.

Birmingham, Ala., special.

MR. EDITOR:—I thought that a few lines from the "Same Old South" as our morning paper calls it, would no doubt interest a few of the many northern readers of your valuable journal.

The Age-Herald of this city calls this land the "Same Old South," and well does it merit its name. The only difference discernible to the old-time southerner is the many railroads, more cities, less cotton, more churches and schools, with the Negro coming in for his pro rata share.

But the old State Sovereignty doctrine, white supremacy and race superiority, burns as warmly in the breast of the moss-back southerner as it did forty years ago. There are hundreds of white men in the South in sympathy with the Negro, but in the name of Jupiter, don't seek a man's place. In the eyes of the South there are no colored men. All are "boys" and "uncles."

Consistency is a jewel indeed down here. There are only two classes of "offensive Negroes" in the South, viz: The educated and the illiterate. The former is offensive becanse he is educated, and the latter because he is ignorant. The educated is offensive because he will dare to maintain his place as a citizen, the illiterate, because of his awkward, and rough manner.

I saw a black man sitting the other day beside a white on a dummy car nursing a little white boy, but if the same "black nigger" had attempted to ride on that car, nursing his own child, there would have been a "race war."

I saw a conductor and brakeman both assisting white ladies from the train last week, while the colored ladies had to scramble up and down the best way they could, and were then driven in the smoking car afterwards.

I am opposed to capital punishment, but I am in favor of beheading every Negro woman found guilty of living illegally with white men. They are simply kissing the foot that kicks them. A colored man traveling on a through ticket from Cincinnati may ride in the ladies' car till he strikes the Alabama State line, then he is notified by the ruffian of a brakeman that he must go in the "cullud car," and a "cullud car" it is, for every complexion, nationality and odor greets the eyes, the nose and the ear.

Now and then one may read a sign over a bar room door "No drinks sold to colored people," but as Ham will contrive to imitate his brother in white, they have nearly all cut off a back room for the accommodation of his brother in black. So the Negro accepts the compromise, and goes in at the back door where he is waited on by another of his brethren and drinks to his heart's content, and then come out red eyed and talked about. "Social equality?" Nonsense! bosh! Why Mr. Editor, don't the Negroes know that it is not the mere color of his skin that makes him the off scouring of the American Continent? It is because he submitted to slavery.

The same thing is true to-day. He is despised because he is despicable. He is hated, because he hates himself. He is not respected, because he does not respect himself.

Why does the Indian demand the respect of the American whites? Because he would not be humiliated. He was conquered, but would not be whipped. Consequently the Indian may come into Birmingham with the scalps of forty white men hanging in his belt and find quarters in the best hotel in the city.

Yes this is the "Same Old South"—cursed by the institution of slavery, the poisonous effects of which is shown more in the hearts of the post bellum generation than in the Negro.

Yours for the race,
BROTHER IN BLACK.

(To be Continued.)

The Freeman at St. Louis.

The Freeman can be found at the following places in St. Louis:

A. J. Victor's Barber Shop, 713 North 11th street.

John W. Page, 705 North 11th st.

C. A. Pitman, 2628 Morgan st.

A. Breedlove, 616 North 11th st.

Mrs. Thomas's Restaurant, 2304 Morgan st.

Glenn B. Melton's Restaurant, 707 North 11th st.

Aaron W. Lloyd, 2213 Morgan st., General Agent.

The Freeman will be issued at the above stated places to sub-agents and newsboys at office prices.

Lieutenant Alexander,, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., the only colored officer in the army, will be assigned as military attache of the American legation at Hayti, to which place Fred Douglass has been appointed as minister.

At Montgomery, Ala,, a colored man was arrested and jailed for murder His wife showed her devotion by hiring herself out and earning sufficient money to pay his attorney's fees, which were quite large.

There are five building and loan assobiations in the hands of colored men two of which are in the north and the remainder in the south. Their combined capital is nearly $500,000.

George Witherspoon, of, Yorkville, S. C., on a wager of a dollar, attempted to eat seven dozen eggs. He accomplished his task in four hours but died the following evening.

OVER THE WAY.

"O, where is my wandering boy to-night—
The child of my tendrest care!"

How sweetly the rich, young voice broke the stillness of that Sabbath evening. It was nearly spring and the windows were thrown open to welcome in the delicious air, so that as Mother Halstead sat in a low rocker in her little front sitting-room, she could easily catch the sounds from over the way.

On a small table close by her side lay a well-born Bible, open at the 14th chapter of St. John—those beautiful words so full of precious comfort to the sad-hearted. As was her wont, she had spent the Sabbath afternoon in reading from the treasured volume, but it had grown too dusky for reading with any degree of comfort; so with her motherly hands folded upon her white apron, she settled back in her easy chair to enjoy "a little pause in life while day-light lingers."

Across the room, in a chair of still more copious proportions, sat Father Halstead, fast asleep.

The world had dealt with Hiram Halstead and his wife. For many years he had been the owner of a large business where he was once the errand boy; his investments had more than realized his hopes, and now, in the decline of life, they lived in eas- unpretentious comfort, and enjoyed good health. Apparently, their joys, their cares had been one, and yet upon Mother Halstead's face there was a look of anxiety and sadness which the other did not wear.

. . . .

"My heart o'er flows
For I love him, he knows,
O, where is my boy to-night?"

How little the sweet, sympathetic singer comprehended the depth of meaning in those words; but in Mother Halstead's heart they found a responding chord, and a tear stole slowly down her pale cheek.

"My poor boy, my poor boy," she said half aloud, as the song ceased.

"Hey? What? Did you speak, Matilda," said her husband, opening his eyes.

"Yes, Father; tea is ready," she answered evasively, "and here comes Jennie to call us," she would not have told her husband her real thoughts for a good deal. Why? Ah, well, time had taught her that it were better not. Three children had come to the home of Hiram and Matilda Halstead—two daughters, both of whom had married wealthy, and were settled in the village; and a son, the youngest by several years, a wild, wreckless fellow, handsome and talented, and generous hearted. The other children were all that parents could desire, and yet, amid the same kindly influence, watched over by the same mother's love, and guarded and protected by the same father's care, this boy had grown to be the sorrow of their old age. Somehow, somewhere, the tempter had come, and he was weak. His father had pleaded with him, threatened; but to no purpose; and Hiram Halstead's supply of patience—never very great—was exhausted; and now the mere mention of his son's name brought an angry flush to his face. It was hard—very; but was it not equally hard for the patient mother? Why then must she suffer in silence, fearing to approach him who should have been her strong helper? But it was so, and if Matilda Halstead was a good mother, she was also a good wife.

. . . .

The tea was a pleasant one; Jennie's hot buttered toast, cold chicken and jelly were dainty, and Mrs. Halstead kept up a bright flow of conversation though her he rt was dull and sad. After tea, her eldest daughter with her husband and two children came in, and the evening passed quickly and happily, and poor Harry was not mentioned till the guests had departed and Mr. and Mrs. Halstead had retired to their own room.

"It's a great pity that that boy can't spend one evening at home," said the father, as he wound the clock with a savage jerk, as though that little, inoffensive thing were accountable for the lateness of the hour and his son's absence. "I wonder where he is to-night? Do you know, Matilda" (turning quickly toward his wife), "that boy is your brother Dick all over. I am proud to say that not one of my family ever touched the wine cup."

"Hiram, you know how you grieve me when you speak so; and even if what you say be true, why should I be taunted for my brother's faults? But let me say this much—Brother Di ck was as good a young man as yourself—one of the best men—when he shouldered his musket and bade 'good-bye' to mother and me, and went fearlessly to the front—a volunteer at his country's call. You know as well as I, for you have heard it often, what dangers and privations he went through, and you know the temptations which met him on every side, till he took the first wrong step; but, thank God, he stopped before it was too late. He came back, back to his church, back to his home. He never married, but lived with mother, the joy and comfort of her old age, and for many years before he died, was a good, earnest Christian man, endeavoring by every means in his power to atone for his lost years. You say that none of your family drank; true, but not one of your family can boast of being a soldier; your father was a hopeless invalid, your brothers were too young, and you paid a substitute, a man who was willing to endure even the hardships of war that he might provide bread for his family. Say what you will of our poor boy—your son and mine, but cast, I beg of you, no reflections upon my brother."

Hiram Halstead had no answer on his tongue's end that he thought quite adequate to the occasion; so he assumed an air of injured innocence (which he usually employed when a little worsted), undressed languidly, and went to bed, where he soon gave evidence of unconsciousness by a vigorous snore. But the poor mother could not sleep. She felt sorry to think that she had grieved her husband, and her first impulse was to arouse him and ask forgiveness, but upon second thought she concluded that the "less said the sooner mended," and the snoring went on without interruption.

The clock upon the mantel timidly spoke the hour of midnight, and still she slept not; half-past, and yet, partly resting upon her elbow, her ears strained to catch the slightest sound, the mother waited anxiously for the click of the garden gate, and a step upon the gravel walk. This was not a new thing to Mother Halstead. Many and many a night she had listened for her boy while night slowly grew morning, until her practiced ear had learned to know, by his tread upon the gravel path, in what condition he came home.

Just as the clock struck one, some one opened the garden gate, and came with a light, brisk step up the walk and into the house. She heard the fastening of the front door, and listened till the footsteps passed her door and entered her son's room, then weary with anxious watching the mother offered a silent thanksgiving to heaven, and fell asleep, with a lighter heart than she had known for some days.

. . . .

"Mother, you can't guess where I was last evening," said Harry at the breakfast table next morning.

An incredulous grunt came from the head of the table, but the mother answered gently, "I cannot, indeed, my boy."

"Well, I was taking a walk upon the Avenue, and passed by Dr. Waylan's church just as the old doctor was coming out. I rather blamed my luck and would have turned around, but he saw me and came straight toward me. He had a young girl with him whom he introduced as Miss Mayson—Bessie Mayson. She is a great friend of Estelle Wayland's and was going home to stay all night with Estelle, who is confined to the house with a sprained ankle. We walked along together as far as the parsonage, and when we reached the steps, the doctor said that his son had brought some very beautiful and curious things from Europe with him, and if I could spare just a few moments to come in, he had something that he would like to show me; so I went in. He has got some elegant—beautiful bronzes and bric-a-brac, and magnificent paintings, and goodness knows what he hasn't got. Why, I became so interested that the first thing I knew it was half-past eleven; and I rose to go, apologizing for remaining so long; but the doctor said I mustn't go without hearing Miss Mayson sing his favorite song, 'My God I Adore Thee.' Oh, I never heard a lovelier voice, and she's such a pretty girl that, I tell you, mother, I lost my heart then and there. And would you believe it, she's our new neighbor over the way. I say, mother (a roguish look coming into his handsome face), can't you invite her here some afternoon to take tea. Just to sing for you and father?" Another grunt from the head of the table, but the mother, under pretense of a hearty laugh, covered her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Well, of course," continued the young man, "one song could not suffice, and so she sang anthem after anthem, each, to me, more beautiful than the previous one. Presently a servant came in with cake and coffee. Oh, such coffee!"

Another grunt from pater familias: "Sunday evening! Parson Waylan must be forgetting himself!"

"But remembering others," thought the good mother as she went about her work during the day. She understood thoroughly the whole thing—the invitation to the parsonage, the bright and interesting conversation, the singing, and that sweet voice, so suitable for sacred words. Yes, she understood even the collation, and she asked within her breast whether that Sabbath evening had been misspent.

About a week later Bessie Mayson took tea and spent the evening with the Halsteads, and from that time she became a frequent visitor at the house; and what a bright, cherry little visitor she was, and how they all loved to have her come in, to chat, or play games, or sing.

It was really remarkable what a few short weeks had made in Harry Helstead, even the father could not but notice it, and the mother showed by the brightness of her eye and the quickness of her step that her heart was conscious of the change.

With his love for the gentle girl (and he really did love her, and loved her devotedly) there had come into his whole being a love for all that was good and gentle and refined. He shunned his old companions, knowing that he was weak, and spent his evenings at home or over the way.

"Mother," he said, one evening early in the summer, as the mother and son sat together in the front sitting-room "I have asked Bessie to be my wife, and she said—"

"What, my boy?" interrupted the mother, anxiously endeavoring in the dim light to read his face.

He rose and came to where she sat in her favorite rocker. "What do you think, mother? Do you think that I could speak thus lightly and easily if her answer had been anything but 'Yes'? And now, what do you say, mother? Can you find room in your heart for another child! Poor Bessie, she does not know what it is to have a mother."

Can you doubt for a moment the mother's reply? Ah! there had long been room in that mother's heart for the sweet, gentle girl whose goodness had brought sunshine into the home over which a storm-cloud was gathering, and the solemn words which united the two young lives "for better for worse," till death should part them, bound with a tie almost as strong the motherless girl and the living mother.

It was a quiet wedding, for Bessie was an orphan, and her only near relative and guardian was an aunt with whom Bessie lived, and who had been a great invalid for years. Bessie was her idol; and so it was arranged that the young couple should make their home with her, and all were well content.

How happily the months passed by. Bessie was still the joy of the Halstead home, and Aunt Mildred found a new friend in Harry's mother. The somber tints of autumn took the summer's gayer hues; autumn changed to winter, and the snows of winter melted beneath the warm rays of spring suns, and Harry and Bessie were supremely happy in each other's love; but—for alas! there came a but—a little depression in business, a little over-anxiety of mind, a little weakness of by-gone days, and a shadow crept over the sunny threshold.

Then it was that the young wife and aged mother found sweet consolation and strength in the love which bound them so closely, and together they poured their united supplications at the Mercy Seat, and pleaded for the erring one.

Father Halstead again became irritable; he said he "knew it couldn't last," and treated his son in an indifferent manner, which, considering the boy's natural disposition, was not destined to make matters any better. But from his wife and mother the poor boy received nothing but kindness. They never chided him for his weakness; never taunted him upon his haggard appearance; but, by being cheerful and sympathetic, sought to win him from his ways. In part they were successful, for Harry loved them both devotedly, and between the times of his dissipations was tender and kind and very repentant; but oh, he was so weak. There was progross, but it was as it were two steps forward and one back.

Weeks passed by; summer was at hand. In her little garden whose order and beauty were the work of her own hands, Mother Halstead strolled one evening in July, gathering now and then a full-blown flower which she placed in a pretty little receptacle that always stood upon her sitting-room table. The receptacle filled, she laid it aside upon a rustic bench which stood close by, and began to gather a little boquet. Just then the sweet notes of a lullaby came floating upon the still air. Mother Halstead stopped, and turned toward the direction whence the sound proceeded, her face at once sorrowful and loving.

. . . .

Over the way, a young mother bent fondly over her beautiful babe as he lay in his snowy cradle; she watched the little eye-lids close slowly over the big blue eyes: the lullaby ceased, a kiss was imprinted upon the little forehead, and the mother stole noiselessly into an adjoining room.

An open piano stood in one corner of the room, and the young mother sat down and ran her fingers lightly over the keys. She loved music—she loved to sing, and well she might, for her voice was rich and beautiful; and as she sat alone, singing softly to herself little snatches of love-songs and lullabys, there was a depth of tenderness in her tones.

A tap at the door interrupted the singing, and in answer to a soft "Come in," Mother Halstead entered.

"How lovely these flowers are, mother," exclaimed the young wom in.

"Yes, dear, they are for you. Shall I put them right in here? There! Isn't that pretty? I felt a little lonesome this afternoon, Bessie, and father isn't coming home to tea to-night, so I just thought I would run over here to sit with you a while. It always does me good."

"That's right, mother, and now you must stay and take tea with us. Harold is asleep—bless his little heart, and I thought I would spend a few sweet, idle moments before tea is ready."

"Will you sing for me, darling, just one little song."

"Yes, mother, and as many more as you wish."

"No, dear, only one, to-night. Will you sing 'Where is My Wand'ring Boy To-night?'"

There was no need to say more. Bessie understood, and seating herself before the piano, struck a few opening chords, and then she threw into the little hymn all the fullness of her voice. Yes, and far more—of her loving, aching heart. She sang it with meaning now, and when the hymn closed, she came to Mother Halstead's side, and buried her fair young head in the mother's lap.

"Bessie, my poor child," said the mother, stroking the girl's hair, "perhaps I should not have asked this, but—let me tell you a little story. One balmy Sabbath evening, a year ago last spring, I sat in my front sitting room, just about this time of day. The windows were open and I heard you sing this hymn. You sang it beautifully, but as I listened, I thought how little you knew the meaning of those words. That night Harry came home very late. I waited and waited and watched for him, my heart filled with anxious forebodings. That was the evening he spent at Dr. Waylan's and met and loved you. Oh, Bessie, sometimes when I see your young eyes dimmed with tears, and see your lovely face so anxious and sad, I feel that I—I am the cause. I should have told you all; but, darling, after he saw and knew you, there seemed no need to tell of past faults; but I fear—oh, my child, I have made your young life wretched. I——"

"There, there, mother, you must not talk so; indeed, you must not. I love you and you cannot believe how I love Harry. All will yet be well, mother. Do you think that God will not hear our prayers? Oh, he will, mother, he must. And Harry has promised——"

"Ah, but can he keep his promise—can he keep it?"

"Yes!" answered a man's voice close beside them. They started, and turning saw the object of their sorrow standing just outside the low window which opened out up the lawn. He had come noiselessly to the window, thinking to surprise Bessie by his early arrival, and his heart turned sick as he saw the two figures—the mother and the wife—and heard the little hymn and all that followed. He drew near to the chair where his mother sat, his face telling a tale of earnest repentance. "With God's help, yes," he said; "and neither of those whom I love best on earth shall ever have cause to again be ashamed of me!"

"Oh, my boy," answered the mother; "let us kneel and ask God for strength, that you may keep your vow."

So they knelt together in the fading light, and a prayer, laden with the sorrows and longings of three aching hearts reached the Mercy Seat of him who hears all prayers—and was answered.

Three years later the large black and gold sign of Hiram J. Halstead was taken down from over the door of his extensive factory, and a new one was put in its place, bearing this inscription:

"HENRY T. HALSTEAD.
Successor to
HIRAM J. HALSTEAD."

"You see," said the old man, one lovely, bright morning, as with Bessie and little Harold, he walked slowly toward the factory, "You see, my child, I have made enough to keep mother and me in comfort as long as we live; my two girls are well fixed, and you young folks want a start. Now, there's a fine, solid business, and—"

"Oh, father, how can I thank you, I—"

"As to that, Bessie, you owe me nothing; I am but repaying a small part of the great debt I owe you; and all I ask is that Henry will continue to do as he has done for the past two or three years. Just look at that young rascal (as Harold ran on before them chasing a gay butterfly), how he does grow, and what a beautiful boy he is. I declare he is the image of you, Bessie—may he be as good."

Over the way, a merry little group gather around the supper-table. Father and mother Halstead are there (in fact, they are at Harry's so often that mother says there is not much use of their keeping house at all). Aunt Mildred is there. Poor Aunt Mildred—a sufferer so long—is so much better now that she can come down-stairs, and even venture out on choice days. Master Harold Mayson Halstead is there with his chair close to grandpa's. He is a real grandpa's boy. He loves grandma, too, but "gampa plays with Harold." At one end of the table is the handsome young proprietor of Lakeville tin factory, and at the other, the sweet, gentle, noble Bessie. They are happy now; the look of anxious care has left the faces of wife and mother—the door into a bright and prosperous future is open to them—may they enter with prayer and thanksgiving.—Ill. Christian Weekly.

A Good Shot.

Will Ogden of Fairfield, Neb., performed a remarkable trick last week. He laid a cocked gun on the ground, stood off about fifteen feet from it, threw a common glass ball into the air, turned a handspring, picked up and discharged the gun, breaking the ball before it reached the ground.

A Daughter of the Period.

"... Mr. Ganderson—er—speak to you, papa?"

"Yes; he told me he had asked you to marry him, and you had consented; and then he wanted my permission."

"And what did you say, papa, dear?" You consented of course?"

"No. I told him if you had said 'yes' that settled it. Anything I might say or do wouldn't make the slightest difference."—Grip.

THE * FREEMAN * ILLUSTRATED

A National Colored Newspaper and the only pictorial colored journal published in the United States. As a bold and fearless champion of the Negro race it has no equal. It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people.

READ WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

THE BEST NEGRO PAPER.

So far as we are acquainted with colored journalism, the best paper published in the interests of the colored people is The Freeman of this city. No other paper is doing as good work in the special field indicated. Its advocacy of the interests of the colored people is able and dignified, and its illustrated sketches of the colored literary men and women are exceedingly well conceived and executed.—Indianapolis Journal.

A GROWING PAPER.

The Freeman, a paper conducted in this city by Edward E. Cooper, in the interests of the colored race, has grown to be a creditable journal. It is illus rated each week, well printed, and is well conducted editorially.—Indianapolis News.

IT MUST BE SEEN.

The Freeman of this city is the ablest newspaper in the United States published by colored men. The paper itself is proof of this statement.—Sun.

The Washington Bee, one of the ablest colored newspapers published says of us: Editor Cooper, of the Indianapolis "Freeman," is the most enterprising Negro Journalist in the country.

The "Freeman" is a necessity.

The National Leader; The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind., E. E. Cooper, manager is the only pictorial publisher in the country. Though in its infancy it has taken front rank in illustrates newspaperdom. We consider it the Harper's Weekly of the colored race.

The illustrated "Freeman" of Indianapolis, Ind., is to the colored people, what Frank Leslie is to the whites.—The Advocate, Leavenworth, Kan.

Brother Optic; The Freeman the only illustrat d Negro newspaper published, shoots straight at the mark, and fills a long felt need in Negro Journalism. It speaks its sentiments, regardless of friends, and asks for the recognition of the Negro—not as brutes but as American citizens. How can our leaders do without it?

One of our contempoaries kindly says; The Freeman is a new and long needed venture in Negro journalism, every department complete and ably managed, which demonstrates the fact that we have men among us who possess the same marke tastes, traits and abilities which the white men have."

Another remarks; "The Freeman adds another brilliant star to Negro Journalism. Unlike the ordinary weekly journal, it is an illustrated paper, with strong editorials and fresh news that gives it a decided advantage over the average weekly newspaper.

The Freeman, the only illustrated journal in America published by colored men, came to our desk this week, and is beyond all apprehension the neatest and best. Success to you Brother Cooper.—Leavenworth Advocate.

The Freeman is the only illustrated paper published by a colored man in the United States It is a credit to Edward E. Cooper, the talented editor and proprietor, and to his race. We commend it to our friends and patrons.—The Crusade.

It is one of the most instructive and interesting papers we have ever read.—Plain Speaker, South Carolina.

It is the best effort yet made in Negro journalism. It deserves a place around the fireside of every lover of the race.—The Vindicator.

The Freeman is a credit to journalism, and shows that we are rising.—The Herald, Va.,

The Freeman is, without a doubt, the most creditable journalistic effort yet put forth by the Negro. It is striking evidence and unmistakable proof of latent and undeveloped genius and innate ability lying dormant in the Negro race. It is the duty of every reading Negro to encourage and support this most excellent paper.—Pine Bluff Hornet.

"It is a credit too and shows the advance the colored race is making in journalism," says another.

The position of The Freeman among the Negro journals is admirable and unique. The faithful portraiture and graphic sketches of noted colored men published weekly are gratifying in a high degree.—Southern News.

The Freeman is indeed the best and finest journal published by the Negro race, It contains cuts and biograhhical sketches of our prominent men and women, and portrays the colored race as it is.—Progress, Ala.

On the last page is always found a comic cut of some of the common discriminations practiced against the race. The paper is well edited, and a credit to the editor and the race.—The Corner stone.

Decidedly the best newsyaper in typographical makeup and mechanical arrangement published in this country is The Freeman, an illustrated independent journal issued every Saturday at Indianapolis, Ind. If our people desire a really good paper we advise them to subscribe to it. Among its contributors are many of the best Negro writers in this country.—Va, Lancet.

The Freeman is by far the best and ablest newspaper the colored people have ever had.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

As a Newspaper.

It gives a complete review of the doings of the colored people everywhere. It gives special attention to the worthy achievements and general progress of the race.

A Political Paper.

It is independent in politics and fearless in its advocacy of the rights of the colored people. It will commend the good and condemn the bad in all parties. It believes in free speech, a free ballot and a fair count.

An Historical Paper.

It devotes unceasing research to the hitherto unpublished history of the Negro in this country and will from time to time print and illustrate the legends and romances of the Negro, written by colored authors.

A Literary Paper.

It keeps a pace with the educational and literary progress of the race. It will review all books and criticise all publications by colored men and women. It endeavors to encourage and create a demand for the works of colored authors

An Illustrated Paper.

It portrays the colored race as it is, and not as it is misrepresented by many of our white contemporaries. It will print from time to time cuts and sketches of our prominent men and women, and full contemporary happenings which relate to colored people.

A General Newspaper.

It is the peer of any in the land, and is brimful of spicy news each week. Particular attention will be given to the stage, the pulpit, the school room and workshop and the leading occupations and professions of the race.

An Advertising Medium.

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Full repoirtoire of new and beautiful selections—including the latest Parisian Success:—LA CHAPEAN a monologue by M Jaques Normond. Recited by Coquelin. Adapted; freely Englished and used by Mr. Anderson through permission of M. Normond.

COACHING AND DRAMATIC INSTRUCTION GIVEN.

Stage management and all kinds of dramatic work undertaken.

Permanent address
429 6th Ave., New York City, N. Y
Care D. A. Greene.

Howard University,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Fall term of this well-known institution will open on September 18, when such students will be received to its industrial, normal, preparatory and college departments as shall be found sufficiently advanced in their studies.

The theological, medical and law departments open on Oct. 1st.

Tuition free except in Medical and Law Departments.

No distinction of race or sex. Those who desire a genuine Higher Education will find here peculiar advantages.

Students competent to enter the College course will receive special aid, if necessary.

Send for Catalogue.
3m J. B. JOHNSON, Secretary.

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In every community. You can make from $2 to $60 per month working for us. No capital required. An outfit sent free on application. Corporation responsible. Special offers for the next sixty days. Address, S.D. BROWN & Co., Knob, Va

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THE INDIANA MONUMENT.

What the Shaft Will Look Like When Completed—The Corner Stone.

Ind. Sentinel.

The material used in the construction of the soldiers' and sailors' monument is the best quality of Indiana stone. It is a light gray oolitic limestone of fine grain, very easily worked and of great durability. It is without seams and can be obtained of any size. The monument when completed will be 268 feet in height. The diameter of the ground to be occupied is 192 feet, including the fountains and approaches, outside of which will be a circular walk, and also an esplanade seventy feet in width. On the north and south sides will be wide steps of stone seventy feet in length leading to the platform of the terrace, from which the interior is reached by big bronze doors. Above these doors large tablets will bear inscriptions commemorative of the part borne in the war by the different counties. and above the tablets is the inscription of dedication;

TO INDIANA'S SILENT VICTORS,
BY A GRATEFUL STATE.

The diameter of this first section of the shaft or pedestal is to be forty feet at the base, thirty-five feet at the top, and fifty-nine feet in height. The shaft proper begins at this point with a diameter of thirty-two feet, which becomes gradually reduced as it approaches the top, and the diameter at the capital is twelve feet and six inches. The platform of the capital will be 225 feet above the earth. and can be reached by spiral stairway or elevator. The lanterne, eight feet in diameter, rises from this platform twenty-one feet, upon which will be placed a bronze statue of Liberty twenty-eight feet high, bearing a wreath which will be lighted at night. Just below the capital a bronze astragal bears the dates 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, on the four different sides, and will also be lighted at night. Midway of the structure is a second astragal in bronze, emblematic of the navy, and further down a third astragal in bronze representing the army.

A space will be left at this point for a large badge of the G. A. R., which will be of bronze, of exquisite workmanship, and for which a fund of $5,000 is being raised.

Upon the opposite side will be the badges of the W. R. C., which will also be of bronze, and for which the members of the organization expect to pay $1,500.

Sculptured groups, emblematic of War and Peace, will be on the east and west sides overlooking the fountains, and bronze groups representing infantry, cavalry, artillery and the navy will be upon pedestals at the entrance to the terrace.

The erection of this monument has already attracted the attention of the civilized world, and when completed will be the most magnificent and imposing structure of the kind in America.

The corner stone is a huge block of stone eight feet in height. It is four feet and ten inches in diameter at the base and becomes gradually reduced in size as it reaches the top. It is beautifully finished and upon the eastern side a tablet extends about an inch, upon which is chisled the words:

AUGUST 22, 1889,
ERECTED BY THE PEOPLE OF INDIANA
ACT OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY,
MARCH 3, 1887.

The cavity for the box is made equally in the bottom of the corner stone and the top of the stone on which it rests. The box is of copper, tinned on the inside, that will be hermetically sealed. It is two feet in length, twelve inches wide and twelve inches in height. There have been enough articles proffered the commissioners for the box to fill the entire monument. The articles are of all conceivable sizes, shapes and varieties. There are innumerable books, poems, music, badges, letters, and in fact almost anything that could be mentioned. From among the articles the following have been selected: Terrell's reports; G. A. R. reports, badges, ritual and roster; W. R. C. reports, badges, ritual and roster; S. of V. reports, badges, ritual and roster; monumental reports and documents since Jan. 1, 1888; photographs and plans for the monument; "Indiana in the War," in two volumes; Loyal Legion reports, first memorial service of the G. A. R., reports of original G. A. R., minutes of Legislature which passed monument bill, American Tribune, The Stone and the city papers.

In the whole United States there is not a flavoring extract that is so valuable, so positive, so effectual in producing the most delicious, desirable and delicate flavored cakes, pastry, ice cream, etc., as Dr. Price's justly celebrated Delicious Flavoring Extracts: Almond, Lemon, Vanilla, Orange, etc. Try them and you will be delighted.

First Critics.

'Twas the pleasant hay-time;
Sate the critics three
Throned on perfumed cushions,
Earnest as could be.
Winnie, wise and elder,
Brown-eyed Ruth and Grace—
While their victim meekly
Took the lowest place.

"Read it," was the order,
Trembling fingers ran
O'er the precious pages,
Shaking voice began.
Winnie's small, fair forehead
Wore judicial frown,
Grace, with rigid fingers,
Stroked her dimples down.

Glanced the little author
As she turned a page,
Something of her verdict
By the way to gauge.
Was the frown relaxing?
Ruth's brown eyes were bent
In a fixed attention;
On she read, content.

Closer leaned the faces
Not a word was lost
As, amid the story,
Light and shadow crossed.
Triumph filled the author,
(Mixed with ne'er a pain)
When they cried, entreating,
"Read it once again!"

—Cassell's Magazine.

Odd Private Charities.

For my own part I cannot help feeling more admiration for secret, spontaneous, unexpected, and even odd private charities, which seek no reward and hide out of sight, than for those who were made with a great flourish before the world. For instance there was B., who in crossing the English Channel fell in with a lonely old lady, whom he had never seen, and out of pure kindness of heart he helped her to a seat and paid her a number of little attentions, to make her comfortable, and finally on arrival, called a cab, put her into it, and said good-bye; and shortly afterward the old lady died, and to the astonishment of B., she left him all her money! Now this is what I call a dear old lady, and I have never failed since then to be polite and attentive to every old lady I meet in my travels. Then again, there was the artist whom I knew in Florence years ago, who was struggling through adversity, with no orders and no hopes of any, when one day a notary came into his studio and informs him that an old gentleman opposite—an Englishman, of course—has just died and left him his entire fortune. "But I didn't know him; it must be a mistake," said A. "But he knew you, and it is no mistake," said the notary; "and though he never spoke to you, he used to watch you, and he informed himself about you, and then made his will in your favor and I am come to announce the fact to you." I need not say that from that day forward he had more orders than he could execute. But this is the way of the world. Still another person I know whose ancestor obtained a fortune from an utter stranger simply by opening his pew door to him and giving him a seat. The stranger had entered the church and was rather embarrassed where to go. The cold Christian shoulder was turned on him as he went down the aisle, until this gentleman, observing his shyness, rose, opened his pew and motioned him to take a place in it. The stranger thanked him on leaving the church after service, informed himself of his name by the hymn book, went home, and left him a fortune by his will.—"Conversations in a Studio."

The American Hotel System.

Proprietor (average hotel)—"Very sorry, sir, but you will have to leave this house at once."

Guest—"Goodness me! What have I done?"

Proprietor (solemnly)—"You said something to a waiter which has displeased the cook."—New York Weekly.

Her Face Was Her Fortune.

She was as pretty as a picture and so animated and lively that it did one good to look at her. She was all this, but she is not now. Poor soul, the roses linger no more in her cheeks, the former luster of her eye is gone. She is a woe-begone looking piece of humanity now. She has one of those troubles so common to women and needs Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It recuperates the wasted strength, puts the whole system right, restores the roses and the luster, and makes the woman what she once was, bright, well and happy. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

For all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a dose.

A Long, Long, Weary Day.

Gus—"What's the matter, Jack? You look all worn out."

Jack—"I've been visiting a young couple with their first baby."—New York Weekly.

A Beautiful Picture Free.

For a 2-cent stamp (to pay postage and wrapping) we will mail a panel photogravure of our popular picture, "Kissing at Seven, Seventeen, and Seventy." Address the makers of the great anti-bile remedy. "Bile Bean," J. F. Smith & Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Still He Adhered to His Principle.

A clean, shrewd-looking gentleman stepped into a street-car on Pennsylvania avenue yesterday afternoon, says the Washington Post, and took a seat inside. The conductor, who was in a conversational mood, turned to a gentleman who stood upon the platform and said:

"You saw that man who just got on?"

"Yes."

"Well, I saw him do the foolest thing one day last winter than any man ever did."

"What was it?"

"He got on my car and gave me a dime out on the platform. I handed him a nickel, and in trying to put it into his pocket he dropped it and it rolled off into the slush. He made a dive for it, and in jumping off the car fell down and doubed himself all over. I stopped the car, but he said to go on; that he was going to find his nickle. So he pawed around in the soft snow till he found it, hopped aboard the next car, paid the nickle to that conductor, and reached home one car later and a good deal madder and mussier than he would if he had staid on my car and let his nickel go.

The Spartan Virtue of Fortitude

Must be possessed in no ordinary degree by those who bear the pangs of rheumatism without complaint. We have never heard of such an individual. But why not, ere the lifelong martyrdom begins, extinguish the germ of this atrocious malady with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the efficacy of which as a preventive of the disease, as well as the means of relieving it, is well established and amply attested, during the last thirty-five years, over professional signatures? It expurgates from the blood those acrid principles which beget the pain and inflammation characteristic of this complaint, which, it should be recollected, is always liable to terminate life suddenly when it attacks a vital part. The Bitters also expels the virus of malaria from the system, remedies dyspepsia, kidney complaint, constipation and biliousness, quiets the nerves, and invigorates the whole physical organism.

The original "nickel in-the-slot machine" was the bobtail car.

Any article that has outlived 24 years of competition and imitation, and sells more and more each year, must have merit. Dobbins' Electric Soap, first made in 1865, is just that article. Ask your grocer for it. He has it, or will get it.

There is no experience more heavily fraught with deep ghastly lonesomeness than that of being shaved by a deaf-and-dumb-barber.

W. H. GRIFFIN, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years. Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The old bachelor who would alter his ways should begin at the altar.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way:
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

The sentiment so aptly expressed by the poet ought to sound like a trumpet to every sluggish soul, and animate them to new and vigorous efforts to improve their condition. To all those who have the desire to press forward, but who are not sure of the way, we say, write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they will be of service to you.

Entirely Helpless to Health.

The above statement made by Mrs. S. H. Ford, wife of Gen. Ford, can be vouched for by nearly the entire population of Corunna, Mich., her home for years. She was for two years a terrible sufferer from rheumatism, being confined to her bed most of the time, her feet and limbs being so badly swollen she could scarcely move. She was induced to try a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. It helped her, and two additional bottles entirely cured her. To-day she is a well woman.

First ask your druggist; should he not keep it, we will send on receipt of price, $1 per bottle or six for $5.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO.
Jackson, Mich.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*. Constipation. Dyspepsia. Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

A Beautiful Portfolio of Paintings in Water Colors.

The manufacturers of the well-known Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil are issuing the most beautiful portfolio of eight artistic studies (birds and flowers) that has ever come under our notice. This work is worth at least $2. but Messrs. Scott & Bowne, with their usual enterprise, have made arrangements whereby they can supply a copy by mail to anyone who will write to them, enclosing 25 cents in stamps or postoffice order. This is a chance seldom offered, and all lovers of art should avail themselves of it. Mention this paper, and address Scott & Bowne, 132 and 134 South Fifth avenue, New York.

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

ST. JACOBS OIL
For Swellings, Bruises, Cuts and Wounds.

"Daily Sights! Cures and Cured!"

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ASTHMA.

Popham's Asthma Specific. Relief in TEN MINUTES. WM. GLEGHORN, Gardner, Ill., writes: "I have not had to sit up an hour for three years. I hope the man who invented the SPECIFIC may have everlasting rest and God's blessing while he lives." Sold by Druggists. Trial package free. Address T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

YOUNG MEN Wanted to Learn Telegraphy. Situations furnished. Circulars free. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

Sick Headache

Is a very distressing affection, generally arising from stomach troubles, biliousness and dispepsia, and we frequently find persons of both sexes subject to periodic headaches for which they can ascribe no direct cause. But the headache is a sure indication that there is something wrong somewhere, and whatever the cause Hood's Sarsaparilla is a reliable remedy for headache and for all troubles which seem to require a corrective and a regulator. It cures dyspepsia, biliousness, malaria, tones the stomach, creates an appetite, and gives strength to the nerves.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

Try The Cure

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., New York.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY SHORTENS LABOR LESSENS PAIN DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD

BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE

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FREE by return mail full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

DR. W. H. SARBER

Gives special attention to all delicate diseases of both sexs. Regulating remedies furnished. Cancers, cures guaranteed without the knife. Rupture, no cure no pay, and no pay until cured. Piles, Rectal Troubles successfully treated, a cure guaranteed. For the successful treatment of any other ills not mentioned call on or address, DR. SARBER, 30½ South Illinois Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

All letters containing 2c stamp promptly answered and medicines sent to order

WELL DRILLS for all purposes. Send 20cts. for mailing catalogues with full particulars, CARPENTER ST. AND CARROLL AVE.

OPIUM VS. MORPHINE HABIT cured in 8 to 19 days. Home or Sanitarium Treatment. Trial Free. Address THE COMPOUND OXYGEN ASSOCIATION, FORT WAYNE, IND.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens. Lebanon, Ohio.

BRONCHITIS CURED.

After spending Ten Winters South, was Cured by Scott's Emulsion.

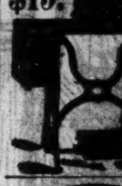
145 Centre St., New York, June 25th, 1888.

The Winter after the great fire in Chicago I contracted Bronchial affections, and since then have been obliged to spend nearly every Winter South. Last November was advised to try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites and to my surprise was relieved at once, and by continuing its use three months was entirely cured, gained flesh and strength and was able to stand even the Blizzard and attend to business every day. C. T. CHURCHILL.

Sold by all Druggists.

YOU ARE A LIAR When you dare to say that Jones of Binghamton, Binghamton, N. Y., doesn't sell the very best FIVE-TON WAGON SCALES Beam Box, Tare Beam, for $60 Free price list, every size. "Jones he pays the freight."

$15. FREE TRADE PRICES! NO PROTECTION! NO MONOPOLIES! $45 SEWING MACHINES NOW ONLY $15



We are now selling our WESTERN IMPROVED SINGER SEWING MACHINE—same as cut—complete with all attachments and warranted for 5 years for only $15. Send for circular and see full description of this and other styles to M. A. SCULLEN & CO., 782 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

BIG G Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

DETECTIVES Wanted in every county. Shrewd men to act under instruction, in our secret service. Experience not necessary. Send 2c stamp. Grannan Detective Bureau Co. 44 Arcade, Cin'ati, O.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $6.75. RIFLES $2.00 PISTOLS 75c GUNS WATCHES, CLOCKS, etc. All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for Catalogue. Address POWELL & CLEMENT, 180 Main Street, Cincinnati. Ohio.

BASE BALL CHADWICK'S MANUAL. 7 in. x 5 in. 70 pages. Illuminated Cover. SENT FREE on application enclosing one (1c) stamp by addressing THEODORE HOLLAND, P. O. Box. 120, Philadelphia.

LADIES' Eng. Tansy Pills. Safe, prompt, effectual. Try the original and only genuine Woman's Salvation. Cir. and sworn testimony 2 stps. Pkg by mail $1.04. Warranted. DR. CATON, Box 5257, BOSTON, MASS.

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED. A trial bottle sent Free to anyone afflicted. DR. TAFT BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, business forms Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2.15 FREE; lines not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein-Holder Company, HOLLY, MICH.

I N U 39—89 INDPLS

When writing to Advertisers readers will confer a favor by mentioning this paper.

YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy here and we will help you to good situations. Address American School of Telegraphy, Madison, Wis. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

[BRYANT & STRATTON,]

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E. J. HEEB, Manager, Indianapolis Ind.

THE BEST PRICE COUGH 25 CTS. MEDICINE.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Hall's Business College,

LOGANSPORT, IND.

Established 1867. Decidedly one of the best, most successful and thorough in the State. Investigation invited. A College of Book-keeping, SHORT-HAND Type-Writing, Penmanship and kindred branches. Patronized by prominent business men. Catalogue and circulars mailed free to any address.

E. A. HALL, President.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND TRADE MARK

SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat.

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

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SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE AND ENGLISH TRAINING SCHOOL. Is the STANDARD INSTITUTION and the Largest in the World. Full information, Catalogue, Terms, etc., sent FREE. Address, H. B. BRYANT & SON, Prop's., Chicago, Ill. WE RECOMMEND THIS COLLEGE TO OUR READERS. Mention this paper when you write.

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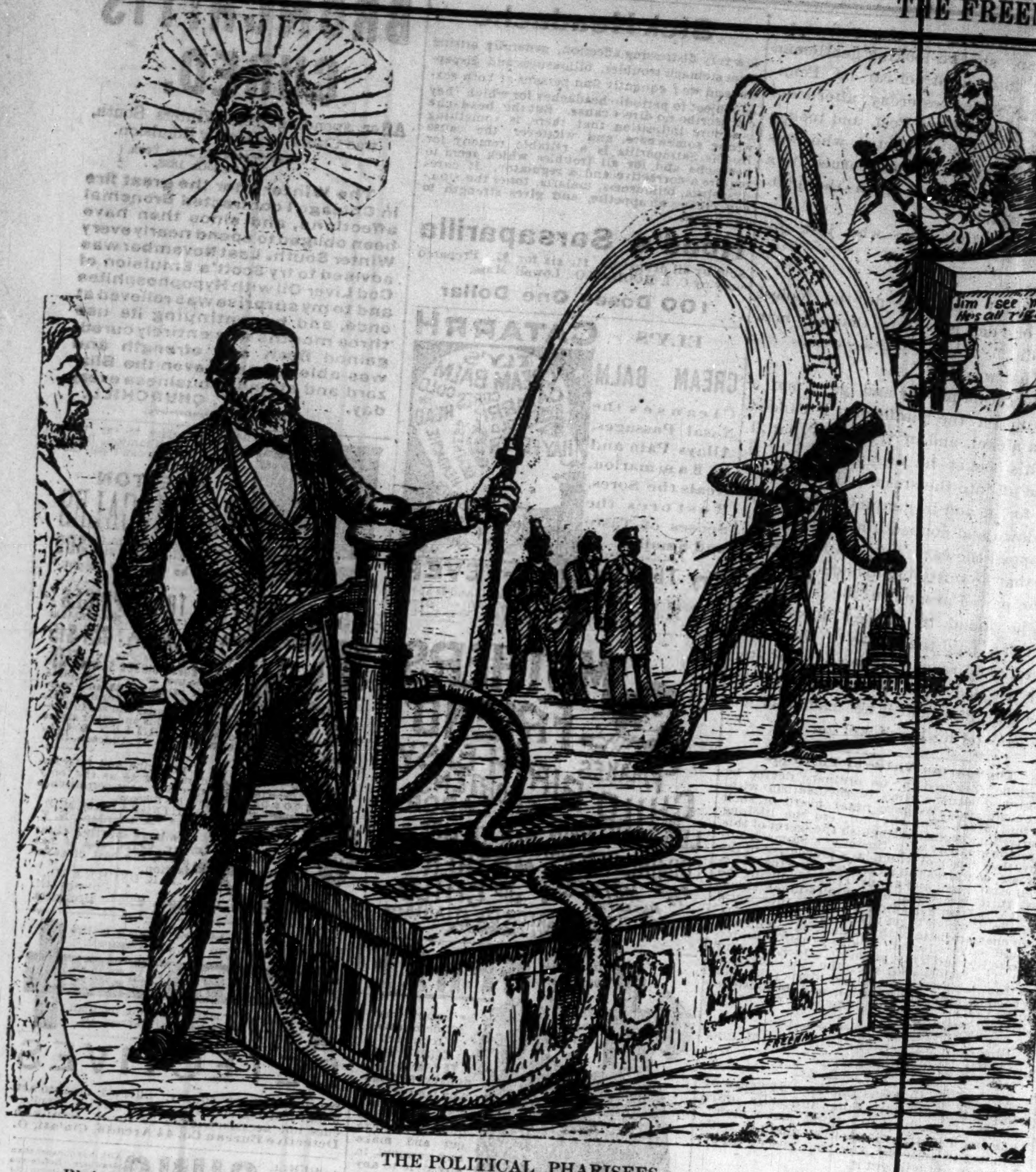
Book Keeping, Short Hand, Telegraphy, &c. Write for Catalogue and full information.

LOUISVILLE, KY.



THE POLITICAL PHARISEES.

[Reproduced by request.]

Blaine—It will never do to give the Negro a first-class appointment.
Harrison—Just watch me cool his ardor.
Note—They were willing to lick the Negro's boots a few months ago. but now that they are in office they have no need for him until the next election.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

This is State Fair week and the city has been crowded with strangers.

Mrs. Annie Scott, of Paris, Ky., has moved to this city for permanent residence.

The Freeman collector Mr. Clark Ellis will call on you in a few days, so be ready for him.

Read our advertisements and patronize the stores whose advertisements you see in The Freeman.

L. A. Simpson is no longer connected with The Freeman in any capacity. Mr. Clark Ellis having taken the entire charge.

W. Allison Sweeney went to Madison last Monday, where he was orator of the day at an emancipation celebration given.

Messrs. Heston and Duncan have moved into their new block on Ky. Ave. It is the most valuable property in the city owned by colored men.

Miss Nellie Knox has been retained as saleslady at Rink's cloak house, and the race should show its appreciation of this by patronizing this store.

Hon. J. Sidney Hinton was one of the orators at reunion of slaves in Springfield, Ill., last Monday. Hon. John R. Lynch and Gov. Fifer also spoke at this celebration.

Messrs. Harper & Mason will go into their new tonsorial parlor 35 Ky. Ave. in a few days. It will contain bath rooms and four chairs and will be the finest colored shop in the city.

Mr. Harris and wife (Miss Anna Wallace) will leave shortly for Hannibal, Mo., where he will take charge of a first class printing office. Mr. Harris has been foreman in the World office for nearly two years and is beyond doubt the most advanced colored printer in the State.

RECOGNITION IN TEXAS.

Educational and Political News —Justice Should be Meted Out Alike to All.

Houston, Texas, Special.

Geo. A. Race our newly appointed postmaster took charge last Saturday night and has made several changes in the office, but has given one Negro only a position of carrier, J. W. Misher, which looks very bad against five, under a former Republican postmaster,

H, M, Furgerson has brought suit against the Democrats who ordered him to leave Fort Burd county some time ago.

Two white officers bave shot and killed innocent Negroes in the city of Houston in the past year and nothing has been said about it, but when the colored policeman Ike Hayden protects himself from being killed by an ex white policeman by shooting him in the knee, the Democrat press of the city sends up a great howl against all the city officials, as well as Hayden. Justice where art thou?

The city public schools will open Monday with Prof. W. S. Sutton as Superintendent. The teachers have all been assigned. The School Board should give some attention to the salary of the various teachers. They seem to think a colored teacher is not worth as much as a white teacher. They also build fine school houses for the whites and very poor ones for the colored youths, We trust that the Blair educational bill will become a law.

The criminal district court convenes here the first Monday in October. Gentlemen remember your promise and see that colored men are called to serve their country as jurymen in Harris county.

Our city electiou comes off next April and the different Democratic candidates have opened the campaign already. Wait gentlemen, you will get dry before election day.

Political Announcement!

Charles Miles is a candidate for City Clerk, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

Al Taffe is a candidate for city clerk, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

Fred Gaul is a candidate for re-election to the council from the 23rd ward. Subject to the decision of the Democratic Nominating Convention.

WM. WILSON is a candidate for re-election to the Council from the Fourth Ward, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention.

Vote for Richard Nolen, candidate for the council of the 25th ward on Democratic ticket. Election Oct. 8.

Vote for M. J. Burns, candidate for council of the 15th ward on Democratic ticket, Election Oct. 8.

Vote for A. E. Austin, candidate for council of the 19th ward on Democratic ticket. Election Oct 8.

Vote for Martin Murphy, candidate for the council of the 21st ward on Democratic ticket. Election Oct. 8

VOTE FOR
Thomas Markey,
Candidate for the council of the 23d ward on the Democratic ticket.
Election Oct. 8th.

VOTE FOR
E. J. Sherer,
Candidate for the council of the 4th ward on the Democratic ticket.

VOTE FOR
John T. Budenz,
Candidate for the council of the 2 st ward on the Democratic ticket.

VOTE FOR
G. R. Olson,
Candidate for the council of the 20th ward on the Democratic ticket.

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We would be pleased to have every man in the State call and examine our grand line of

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Our stock is larger and more varied than ever. We show thousands of styles of suits and overcoats in all grades from $5 to $40.

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The line will comprise nearly 2,000 styles and include every desirable pattern in foreign and domestic staples or novelties. Prices will range from $4 and upward for Pants. From $18 and upward for Suits. From $16 and upward for Overcoats.

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RHEUMATISM AND CATARRH.

Denver, Colorado.

I have been for the past two years a great sufferer from rheumatism and catarrh. I tried every advertised nostrum, and paid doctor bills until I was tired. I used Gun Wa's remedies as a last resort, and in two weeks know that I am entirely cured of the two afflictions. I recommend the Chinese remedies sold by Gun Wa to any sufferer who is troubled as I was, and I shall be pleased to talk with anyone concerning my present condition and its causes.

JOHN WARREN,
Denver Tramway Co., European Hotel.

SCROFULA.

St. Joseph, Mo., Aug. 5, 1888.

I have been a sufferer from scrofula many years. Sores broke out upon my body and refused to heal. Tried all the blood purifiers, alteratives, salves, etc., that were recommended and advertised, as well as consulted many physicians, but all to no purpose. I was in a miserable condition until I read Gun Wa's advertisement in the St. Joseph papers, and resolved to try his remedies. I used them one week. My sores are healed and I feel like a new man. This testimony is given voluntarily, with the hope that sufferers like myself will know how to rid themselves of that loathsome affliction. My address is 2,40[illegible] South 6th Street, St. Joseph, Mo., where all skeptics may address me.

W. D. MEYERSON.

Female Weakness----Dyspepsia.

DENVER, COL.

My wife has suffered for years with female weakness, and I have been unfitted for some months for the performance of my business duties. We had spent all that we had earned for some time for medical treatment, but to no purpose. We both used Gun Wa's vegetable Chinese remedies as a last resort, and are able to say now that we are entirely well, and shall only be too happy to substantiate the above in person should any one desire information.

PAUL E. ZIEGAST.
1854 Larimer St.

LIVER CURE.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Oct. 5, 1888.

DR. GUN WA—Dear Sir:—My daughter went under your treatment for a complication of troubles. You pronounced the seat of disease in her liver. She had taken medicine from several doctors, and was wasting away. Her color was very changeable, at times being very yellow. Please allow me to say I would not take $1,000 for the good you have done her, as she has gained sixteen pounds, and her color is remarkably clear and white. She is now spry and all is happiness, and your success in this case has made you many friends and patients in this neighborhood. I have used your treatment one week myself, and am gaining strength and sleep better at night. We live on Shawnee, between Eighth and Ninth, and have lived here six years. We will do you all the good we can.

MARY BOWEN.

Thousands of Testimonials on File From Well-known Americans who have been cured by GUN WA.

The testimonials given above are but few of the many sent daily to Gun Wa, whose Celebrated Chinese Vegetable Medicines are recognized the world over by their healing and life giving qualities. They are made of Rare Medical Herbs, imported from China for this sole purpose, and are not in use nor known to any physician in the United States. Gun Wa is not allowed to practice his profession or visit the sick, as his limited knowledge of the English language prevents his graduating in any of the American colleges of medicine. He has, however, a merchant's privileges to SELL HIS REMEDIES. Call in and see his handsome oriental parlors at 25 West Washingtun St., and have an interview with the famous doctor. The consultation will be FREE, and the MEDICINES ARE SOLD VERY LOW. There are remedies for everything—CATARRH, CONSUMPTION, LIVER, KIDNEYS, RHEUMATISM, FEMALE WEAKNESS and NERVOUS DISEASES. Send 4c stamp and get a history of his life and other printed matter.

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